

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 20, 1961

25 CENTS



MY SECRETS OF PUTTING
by BILL CASPER

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The Collector's Item sport shirt by Arrow

Combine the deepest, the richest imaginable color, with a paisley block print... and you've got a collector's item... a sport shirt by Arrow... as downright handsome as a shirt can be, and as only Arrow can make it.

Collector's Item sport shirts have the button-down collar which is so well liked by younger men... but

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Collector's Item sport shirts have famous Arrow contoured tailoring... conform perfectly to body lines for trim fit. No unsightly bulging or

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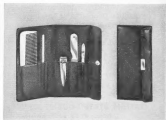
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Next week

In the third and final installment of the Safe Driving series, Pat Moon, champion rally driver from England, tells you how to have fun handling your car in bad weather.

One of the most fascinating men in baseball is J. O. Taylor Spink, the publisher of *The Sporting News*. Here is a unique study of a unique personality by Gerald Holland.

When hotshoes start speeding down their crooked, narrow paths, their moment of truth is measured in split seconds. Ray Terrell reports from Lake Placid on the world's best.



The new "Special K Breakfast" and common sense weight control

It starts your day with important,
complete protein—yet supplies fewer than
250 calories. It's quick as instant coffee
—and tastes so good you can live with it
month after month

The temptation is great, when you are conscientiously counting calories, to skip on breakfast—or skip it altogether. According to the best information on common sense weight control, this is perhaps the worst thing you can do.

A breakfast of only juice and coffee can sabotage your whole reducing program. It gives you too few calories to carry you through the morning—and shortchanges you completely on protein.

The result is all but inevitable. You are so empty and starry before noon that there is usually the compulsion to overeat the rest of the day.

Why Breakfast Is Vital

When you wake up in the morning your body is run down. If breakfast is a "minus meal," your body simply has no fuel to help it get going.

No matter how low a calorie quota you have set for the day, the leading nutritionists agree that you should get 20 per cent or more of those calories at breakfast. Your need for protein, vitamins and minerals is also great. Body cells and tissues must be supported, even though excess fat is being torn down.

Eating sensibly at breakfast helps you eat sensibly at lunch and dinner.

New Special K Breakfast

A breakfast that can satisfy the demanding requirements of common

sense weight control has been worked out by ranking nutritionists at an outstanding university and diet specialists at Kellogg's of Battle Creek.

This breakfast is built around a unique cereal food—Kellogg's Special K.

Special K, a good-tasting, high-protein cereal, was "invented" by this same team several years ago. When served with milk, Special K provides a significant amount of complete protein—as well as other dietary essentials—first thing in the morning.

The Special K Menu

Half a medium-size grapefruit—or
4 ounces of orange or tomato juice

1 ounce (1½ cups) Special K
with 1 teaspoon sugar

4 ounces skim milk

Black coffee or tea

This complete protein breakfast
adds up to 240 calories.

A Bonus in Well-Being

The Special K Breakfast is an easy-to-get breakfast. (It's ready before your coffee is cool enough to drink.) And most folks agree that it is quite delicious, too. It is crisp and light and has a substantial feel in your mouth. It is appealing to the eye.



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In short, the Special K Breakfast is one that can be enjoyed week after week, month after month.

And because Special K with milk gives you complete high-quality protein, it also gives you a feeling of well-being. Your body has been pleasantly nourished so you aren't plagued by hunger an hour or two later.

Moderation Is the Answer

With sensible watching of the foods you eat at other meals—cutting down instead of cutting out—there is no reason why the Special K Breakfast can't help you reach the weight you want—and keep it.

Isn't that important enough to make you want to give the new Special K Breakfast a good try? If you have any questions on weight control, your doctor, of course, is your best source of information.

Kellogg's of Battle Creek

SCORECARD

KNICK NONSENSE

Having mismanaged his team to the point where it is the worst in the National Basketball Association, Ned Irish of the New York Knickerbockers is now threatening to quit the NBA if he doesn't get certain concessions. Irish complains that as a member of the Eastern Division of the league his team is obliged to play the powerful Boston Celtics and Philadelphia Warriors more often than Western Division members do. This is a phony complaint. In the NBA the home team keeps all the gate receipts; when the Celtics and the Warriors come to New York fans jam Madison Square Garden to see them, and Ned Irish makes money. When the Knicks go on the road the home teams lose money because the Knicks are a poor gate attraction. The Boston and Philadelphia owners have a legitimate complaint on this score, not Irish.

The real reason behind Irish's threat to quit is a tall (6-foot-11) senor at the University of Indiana named Walt Bellamy. The Knicks will undoubtedly have the worst record in the league this year and therefore will get the first draft selection. Irish wants Bellamy. However, the NBA has awarded a franchise to Chicago for the 1982 season, and part of the plan for stocking the new team is to give Chicago the first draft rights. Irish would like to browbeat the other owners into delaying Chicago's entry for a year so he can get Bellamy. If the NBA officials allow themselves to be bamboozled on this score by Ned Irish, they should be ashamed of themselves.

NEWS FOR LLOYD'S

When Don January earned \$58,860 for his hole in one at the Palm Springs Classic, Lloyd's of London paid the tab. Lloyd's has insured against holes in one for the last two Classics, but is chucking the idea after paying off both times. In 1980, when Joe Campbell scored his ace, Lloyd's had charged the tournament promoters

a \$4,880 premium, thus establishing odds of 9 to 1 against a hole in one by a field of 120 professional golfers playing 90 holes. This year Lloyd's raised the premium to \$18,800 and thus cut the odds to a wink over 31½ to 1.

The correct odds, gentlemen, are 6 to 5, and you have done yourselves in both times. Incidentally, Don January, who took your \$58,860 with his one smooth, beautiful shot, used 359 other strokes during the tournament. They earned him a total of \$18.58.

MOOSE

In western Carolina, where the spirit of moonshining survived both Prohibition and Repeal, the revenuers



have enlisted some new recruits. Local Alcoholic Beverage Control agents are taking advantage of the fact that hunters and fishermen often pursue their quarry in precisely those isolated areas where bootleggers like to set up stills. They now offer a bounty to outdoormen for putting the finger on sour-mash setups scattered through the lower Appalachians.

The ABC men have never appreciated free enterprise in this field, of course, but they are especially disturbed by some of the white lightning they have seized recently in the Greensboro-Winston-Salem area. Apparently the moonshiners are now

using galvanized iron tubs and old car radiators in their operations, and the booze contains deadly metallic salts. A number of deaths from the stuff have been reported.

We're not certain we approve of deputizing Americans to snitch on their fellow citizens. Aside from the ethical point, it may well lead to pitched battles between hunters and moonshiners and higher casualties than all the poisoned booze in Carolina. But we do concede a possible peripheral benefit. Get the picture: Homeard plods the weary hunter-man. He is empty-handed. "Where yer bin?" says his suspicious wife. "I," he says proudly, "caught three stills today, dear."

GREENS

The temptation is to be gentle with the people who run the Bowie, Md. race track. Since their winter season began on January 21, they have endured blizzards, a fire and a train wreck. But last Saturday's spectacle, in which three horses fell in the half-frozen mud in the first race and the jockeys thereupon refused to ride out the remainder of the program, demeans the whole sport and demands the strongest criticism.

One reason we have racing these days in midwinter weather is that tracks have built heated, enclosed stands to keep people from freezing to death while they lose their money. Apparently nobody gives a hoot about the horses that have to run and the jockeys who have to ride them. The horse owners, the track, the concessionaires and the state tax commissions all profit from sending animals out to risk life and limb in sleet, slash and sleet. Horse racing should not be just another outlet for human greed. It is supposed to be a sport. Let's see that it is.

MONEY MEN

"No member of the Yankees," said General Manager Roy Hamey last week, "will take a pay cut this season." This fact ("first time ever with a club I've had") is the reason for the speed with which Yankee stars have been signing their contracts. In swift and wondrously silent succession such wranglers as Mickey Vernon, Bob Turley and Whitey Ford have accepted management's terms. There are a few grumblers—but what .330 hitter can turn down the same

continued



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SCORECARD continued

money he got last year? "We Else early signings," says Hamer happily, "because they show the players are keen to get started. They give a lift to our whole operation."

In Los Angeles and Washington, meanwhile, the new American League clubs are using signings and salaries to turn the best of their castoffs into local heroes. The Angels recently signed Bob Cerv and Ted Kluszewski with gobs of publicity and overly generous \$30,000 contracts. The new Senators startled the baseball world with their quick—and, no doubt overpaid—signing of perennial holdout Gene Woodling.

The Angels will need a full bag of stunts to get a solid hold on L.A. fans. They play 13 straight games on the road before opening in Wrigley Field. When they do limp home, it won't be to meet crowd-drawing New York or Chicago; there are three games with the fifth-place Minnesota Twins and two more with the eighth-place Athletics. By the time May arrives, Angelinos may be wishing the Pacific Coast League was back in town.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Canadian Football League Quarterback Bernie Faloney, former U. of Maryland star, wonders who owns him. He was traded by the Hamilton Tiger-Cats to the Montreal Alouettes for Sam Etcheberry. Now that Etcheberry has jumped to the NFL both clubs want Faloney, and a court will have to decide who gets him.
- The Los Angeles Lakers franchise may soon be sold. Laker President Robert Short of Minneapolis is negotiating with M. C. McConnell, a Los Angeles executive, who has offered \$283,000 for controlling interest.
- Cleveland Indians Vice-president Nate Dolin, who says it costs \$293,400 to develop a player of Pitcher Jim Perry's ability, estimates it also costs \$114,000 for each man the Indians bring up who fails to make the club.
- The resignation of several top football officials is forcing Southeastern Conference Commissioner Bernie Moore to consider patting a gag on coaches. The officials are irked by repeated criticism in public.
- One reason DePaul's basketball team has been having troubles lately is that Coach Ray Meyer, looking

tomorrow morning at 7:30

Tomorrow morning at 7:30 a man will splash an after-shave lotion on his face and get the surprise of his life.

He will feel a new kind of freshness: lusty and vigorous, yet astonishingly gentle. His skin, fresh-shaved and sensitive, will be instantly calmed. Soothed. Satisfied.

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■ ■ ■ it was; that there's more to an after-shave lotion than alcohol and perfume.

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National Basketball Association
 games to the end of the season

FEBRUARY 16

Philadelphia vs. Boston, Syracuse vs. New York at Syracuse.
 St. Louis at Cincinnati.
 Los Angeles at Detroit.

FEBRUARY 17

Detroit vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia vs. Boston at Philadelphia.

FEBRUARY 18

Los Angeles at New York, Philadelphia vs. Syracuse at Rochester.
 St. Louis at Detroit.

FEBRUARY 19

Boston at Syracuse.
 Los Angeles at Cincinnati.
 New York at St. Louis.

FEBRUARY 21

Detroit vs. Syracuse, New York vs. Philadelphia at New York.
 Cincinnati at St. Louis.

FEBRUARY 22

Philadelphia vs. Cincinnati, Detroit vs. New York at Detroit.
 Boston at Los Angeles.

FEBRUARY 23

St. Louis at Syracuse.
 Detroit at Philadelphia.

FEBRUARY 24

Syracuse at Boston.
 St. Louis at New York.

FEBRUARY 25

Philadelphia at Cincinnati.
 Boston at St. Louis.

FEBRUARY 26

New York at Syracuse.
 St. Louis at Cincinnati.

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Mar. 12	Cards vs. Yanks
Mar. 13	Cin/cin vs. Cards
Mar. 14	Mil/seu vs. Yanks
Mar. 15	Detroit vs. Cards
Mar. 16	Dodgers vs. Yanks
Mar. 17	W. Sea vs. Yanks
Mar. 18	Phil/pha vs. Cards
Mar. 19	Pittsb'gh vs. Cards
Mar. 20	Cin/cin vs. Cards
Mar. 21	Detroit vs. Cards
Mar. 22	K.C. vs. Cards
Mar. 23	Baltimore vs. Yanks
Mar. 24	(Open day)
Mar. 25	Yanks vs. Cards
Mar. 26	Phil/pha vs. Cards
Mar. 27	K.C. vs. Yanks
Mar. 28	Mil/seu vs. Cards
Mar. 29	Detroit vs. Yanks
Mar. 30	Dodgers vs. Cards
Mar. 31	Pittsb'gh vs. Yanks
Apr. 1	Minnesota vs. Yanks
Apr. 2	Cincinnati vs. Yanks
Apr. 3	Phil/pha vs. Yanks
Apr. 4	Cards vs. Yanks
Apr. 5	Yanks vs. Cards

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PHO BASKETBALL continued

Boston at Detroit.
Philadelphia at Los Angeles.

FEBRUARY 27
Philadelphia at Los Angeles.

FEBRUARY 28
St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, New York vs. Boston at New York.
Los Angeles at Philadelphia.

MARCH 1
Detroit at Cincinnati.
Los Angeles vs. New York, Boston vs. St. Louis at Boston.
Philadelphia at Syracuse.

MARCH 2
Detroit vs. New York, Syracuse vs. Philadelphia at Hershey, Pa.

MARCH 4
New York at Boston.
Syracuse at Philadelphia.
Detroit at St. Louis.

MARCH 5
Philadelphia at Boston.
Cincinnati at New York.
Los Angeles at Syracuse.
St. Louis at Detroit.

MARCH 7
Cincinnati vs. Boston at Providence.
Syracuse at New York.
Los Angeles at St. Louis.

MARCH 8
Syracuse at Boston.
New York vs. St. Louis, Detroit vs. Los Angeles at Detroit.

MARCH 9
New York at Philadelphia.
Detroit vs. Boston, Syracuse vs. St. Louis at Syracuse.

MARCH 10
Philadelphia at Detroit.

MARCH 11
Philadelphia at St. Louis.
Cincinnati at Los Angeles.
Syracuse at Boston.

MARCH 12
Detroit at New York.
Boston at Syracuse.
Cincinnati at Los Angeles. END

ahead to the NIT in New York, has been teaching an eastern-style (or gentler) game. DePaul has played three western-style teams recently and lost three straight.

THE MEGGOTA

The rules of the National Collegiate Basketball Coaches Coat Throwing Association, says President (and St. Joseph's coach) Jack Ramsay, are very simple. To gain admittance, a coach must toss his coat during a conference game or tournament. To stay a member, he must make at least one throw a year.

Ramsay explains that the distance of the tosses contributes points toward Coat Thrower of the Year honors. "Quality of the garment is also considered," he says. "I recently threw a cashmere coat. That won me a flock of points."

ZINGER FOR FLOYD

Evil Eye Finial, boxing's celebrated hat artist whose repertory includes the Stobodka stare ("a certain kind of stare with the eye"), the zinger and the double whammy, is coming out of retirement for the Patterson-Johansson fight. Evil Eye says he was never really retired but, "I wasn't looking for no action. I hit a baseball team here, I hit Georgia for the University of Miami, I hit France, and Hitler threw his hands up. The Mumbler does the maneuvering." (Mumbles Sober is Evil Eye's manager.)

"I'm maneuvering him pretty good," mumbles Mumbles. "The price is \$50 to \$500, but if the fella's poor we give him a break."

Evil Eye does not perform at his best without money. He is going to work for Johansson, but the terms have to be made. "Patterson's got to get the singer," says Evil Eye baldly.

"OLE" IN SAN LUIS

In the Mexican border town of San Luis, 20 miles south of Yuma, Ariz., there was a bullfight last week. It was not a good fight, by Spanish or even Mexican standards, but it splashed a bit of color across the drab dust of San Luis. Much of the color flowed from the eager aficionados who swarmed across the border. Their influence was strong and a little disquieting: bullfight announcements with ARTE VS. VALOR at the top and

continued

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Pepsi-Cola ads at the bottom; new Cadillac spewing sand in the arena parking lot (many got stuck and had to be towed out); barefoot Mexican kids selling Wrigley's *chicle*; stands speckled with leggy blondes in shorts and awed grandmothers in winter coats.

The natives had color, too, and it wasn't all of the sleep-in-the-shade variety. Sun-tanned, khaki-shirted laborers from Sonora and Baja California roared through the streets in late-model Chryslers and Packards. During and after the corrida, they washed down their toasts with cold bottles of Coke. And they watched the fights with no more enthusiasm and little more understanding than their American rignmates.

The man they had all come to see was Luis Procuna, for years one of Mexico's best matadors but now a faltering 37. Procuna was terrible. He cut no ears, took no triumphant turns around the ring and got almost no applause. He simply couldn't stand still; when the bull charged, he danced and dodged like a welterweight. Procuna's companion on the card was a handsome youngster from Mazatlán named José Ramón Tirado. Slender and graceful and working reasonably close to his bulls, Tirado produced the one good fight of the day: he fought his second animal cleanly and smoothly and dropped him on the third thrust. It was a one-ear job, but San Luis is a two-ear town, so Ramón got two, plus ladies' shoes, hats and wineskins.

When it was all over, everyone threw seat cushions into the ring. Small boys scaled the fence and began belting each other with them. The bull was dragged through the battle zone unnoted, until one boy ran up brandishing his cushion. He hesitated for a moment, then gave the bull three whacks across the chops, thereby completing the best form of the day.

REMATCH

Dr. Joseph C. Ella has resigned as Chairman of the Nevada State Athletic Commission at a time when the sport cannot afford the loss of even one good man. Ella objected loudly to the decision in last December's Robinson-Fullmer fight, insisting it proved the necessity of round-by-

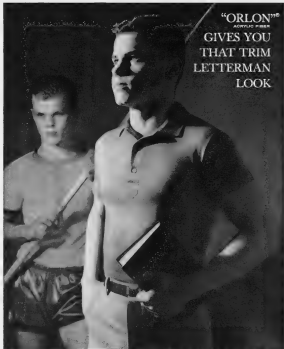
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SCORECARD *continued*

round scoring. For this and other suggested reforms to save boxing from what he calls the "ravages of parasite-lecherous type individuals," Ellis was subjected to enough local pressures to force him to quit.

We agree with Ellis on the advisability of having the judges' and referee's scoring made public after each round (SE, Dec. 12), and applaud his attempt to have this done at the forthcoming (March 4) Robinson-Fullmer rematch. A few weeks ago Ellis wrote to both fighters asking for their opinions. Robinson quickly replied he was "in complete accord." It took two letters from Ellis to get Fullmer's "definitely opposed."

About Ellis's resignation, Robinson says: "It was through Joe Ellis that I agreed to go to Las Vegas for the rematch with Fullmer. He's a man of great integrity, and there should be more like him in boxing. I can only hope I'll get a fair shake in the fight. But if I get there (Las Vegas) and find anything that looks out of line, I won't fight."

"SPORTSLIKE"

Into the debate about soft Americans (SE, Dec. 26) comes Franz Renger of Graz, Austria with a dissenting opinion. Americans, says Renger, are in better physical shape than Europeans, not because they have more money and a better diet, but because they are more active as sports participants ("more sportlike" is the way he puts it). Renger is currently a ski instructor at Sugarloaf in Maine, where he finds his pupils "much more serious about their sport than Europeans. They really want to learn, they work harder and they need fewer lessons to master skiing technique. Europeans are more interested in socializing than in sport."

NEWSPAPER

South Carolina State Attorney General Daniel R. McLeod recently ruled: "Auto racing is not an athletic sport." Bob Colvin, president of Darlington International Raceway, replied: "If Mr. McLeod maintains his views, then, on advice of my state senator, the Raceway sees no need to pay the state any more amusement tax and requests a refund for the last 15 years in excess of \$460,000."

Your move, Mr. McLeod.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JEANNE EDMORTH, Wilmington, Mass., physical education instructor, followed up victory in women's National Outdoor Speed Skating championships by winning men's North American Outdoor title at Lake Placid, N.Y., said, "I need more practice."



HARRISON MERRILL, 17, straight-A student at Atlanta's Westminster School, swam 100-yard freestyle in 0:50.3, 100-yard butterfly in 0:56.3, 300-yard individual medley in 2:12.8 over three-day meet, tied one of two national prep school records.



BUDDY WERNER of Colorado University put an American idea down: Winter State College Winter Carnival! (Denver, Colo., took first place in downhill, slalom and jumping as Colorado failed runner-up to Denver University in team title.



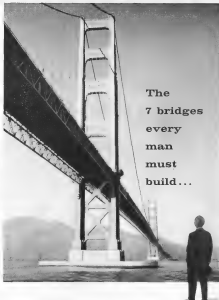
DENNIS SANDBERG, St. Paul high school junior who has fished both river and stream—just about as long as I can remember, "roughly 5 1/2 years"—earns nice at fly fishing nearby White Bear Lake, won St. Paul Winter Carnival fly-fishing contest.



BARBARA WILLIAMS of Richmond, Calif., trained with William Byrneson at Pasadena, took National Mixed Fourteen winter golf title at Midwest Beach, 3 and 2, beat Mrs. John Fatten of Harlow, Okla. and Willie Turman of White Plains, N.Y.



PAT TALLMAN, San Antonio disk jockey, lined up quarters in pay \$1.50 in March at Danvers for each game he bowled, ran off 168 games in marathon 48-hour session (average score: 144), scored total of 11,680 with help of spectators' contributions.



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The Motor Trend Magazine Car of the Year Award to Tempest marks the second time in three years that the Pontiac Motor Division has received this honor. The editors who selected it are (left to right): Robert Ames, Associate Editor, Jumpy Miller, Managing Editor, Don Werner, Editor.

These men edit one of America's leading car magazines—Motor Trend. What they know about cars can help you buy your next new car with complete confidence. They study all the different makes. Compare. Drive. Then they make one award for the year. The Motor Trend Car of the Year Award. This year these editors voted solidly for Pontiac's newcomer

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bination. I had to look under the hood to convince myself they hadn't sneaked in a V-8. And that 4-cylinder engine should be great for economy."

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HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE

All five members will benefit from the Patterson-Johansson fight next month. Right now, however, they are so busy feuding with one another that they sometimes seem to forget about the big fight coming up

by ROBERT M. BOYLE

Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson goes to Florida this week to start the final round of training for his title fight with Ingemar Johansson in Miami Beach on March 18. In his wake will be the most bizarre cast of characters to hit the road since Jack Kerouac and his buddies careened across the country.

In order of their proximity to Patterson, they are Cus D'Amato, his unlicensed but loquacious manager; a lawyer with the unlikely name of Julius November; Ray Cohn, Senator McCarthy's old sidekick; Will Fugazy, a fancy Dan who is Cohn's partner in Feature Sports Inc., the promoter of the bout; and Irving B. Kahn, the 5-foot-8, 240-pound president of TelePrompTer Corporation, the outfit that will show the fight on closed-circuit television in this country and Canada.

All five are individualists, and they often disagree with one another. What gives spice to their declarations is that some of them dislike one another intensely. D'Amato, for in-

stance, detests Cohn and loathes Fugazy. Fugazy regards D'Amato as "mentally ill" and is often irked by Kahn. Kahn, in turn, is suspicious of almost everyone. He tape-records phone calls and conversations with visitors in his office. (He explains his penchant for taping by saying that it is more accurate and easier than taking notes with a pencil. He usually does it secretly.) Kahn is such an enthusiast of the electronic that Cohn suspects he may even conceal a mike on his person when he lumbers forth from his office. "He's so fat no one could find it," Cohn says. Once, in retaliation for taping, Cohn read through a batch of confidential papers in a briefcase Kahn inadvertently had left behind at Johansson's training camp. "He was livid," Cohn says with satisfaction. "Roy," says Kahn, restraining himself, "has a rather oddball sense of humor."

The sole fragile figure in the lot is Cus D'Amato, entangled in all sorts of legal snares. The press often reviles him as a crook. A crook he is not;

a kook he may be. He fought the gangster-dominated IBC alone for such a long spell that he wound up with a deep and permanent persecution complex. For D'Amato, every night has a full moon. The sad thing about it is he has good reason to feel persecuted.

D'Amato attributes his difficulties to Bill Rosenzohn, the onetime promoter who accused him of all sorts of shenanigans a year and a half ago (SI, Aug. 19, 1989). On the face of it, D'Amato, who can be devious in his own fashion, looked completely guilty. His enemies—and he had made many crusading against the IBC—pounced. "I was a person on the dirt surrounded by a pack of wolves trying to tear me apart," he says. The New York State Athletic Commission, which rarely said boo to the IBC, revoked his manager's license. The revocation was upset in court, where it developed that the commission had nothing to revoke because the license had previously expired. Now and then D'Amato toys

continued

IN THE COURT of the Heavyweight King are (from left) Promoter Fugazy, Lawyer November, Trainer Dan Florio, Manager D'Amato, Promoter

Cohn. Leaving are a happy Uncle Sam, defeated Bill Rosenzohn. Above are TelePrompTer's Kahn, a prone Johansson, Attorney General Lefkowitz.

with the idea of applying for a new license, but he is afraid that if he got it the commission would then "frame me for good this time" and make the revocation stick. "That," he says, "would put me out of business all over the world."

D'Amato also got into difficulty when he failed to answer a subpoena issued by State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz. D'Amato says that November, who serves as attorney for both D'Amato and Patterson, told him to ignore it, that the hearing had been postponed. D'Amato did as he was instructed, but he was arrested, hauled into court, fined \$250 and given a suspended sentence of 90 days in the workhouse. The case is now on appeal, but D'Amato was to see Lefkowitz Tuesday and there were reports "something might happen" to him.

Nowadays, what with having to avoid a managerial association with Patterson in New York, D'Amato leads a lonely life. He spends most of his time in his cluttered two-room apartment at Broadway and 53rd Street, his main companion a boxer dog with a black eye. The dog is named Cos because he looks as though he's been kicked around, too.

"Most of the time I just lay around," D'Amato says. "I read. I play with the dog. Anything to avoid boredom. Sometimes I just walk around the streets." He stays out of bars for fear an enemy agent might stuff marijuana cigarettes into his pockets, then whistle for the police. He avoids the press. "I can't afford to make any mistakes or have what I say misconstrued," he says. Although he has a bed in the apartment, he never sleeps there. He stays with friends, and he rarely spends two nights in the same place. "I don't like my comings and goings to be predictable," he says. He is wary of what he says over the phone because, he says, it may be being tapped. Sometimes, though, D'Amato will get carried away and talk about anything on the phone. Reminded of a possible tap, he'll shout, "I don't care! I tell the truth!"

At present most of D'Amato's fire is directed at Fugazy and Cohn. They are "depraved," and they make him long for the old days when he was battling Jim Norris. "I never had so much fun in my whole life," he

says. "I would create illusions to have the IBC think one thing and then do something unexpected. I played with Norris and his henchmen. I'd lock all the doors except one, and at that one I'd be waiting with an ax!"

Fugazy, D'Amato says, tried to shake him down for a 15% cut of Patterson's closed-circuit money. "Compared to Fugazy," D'Amato says, "Norris is like a diamond in a coal pile. I didn't mind Norris, really. He used underhanded methods that were close to real business, like going to the press and political pressure. But Fugazy! This man has definite psychopathic leanings. The man has

November," November says. "I don't think it's any funnier than to say my name is Hiram Smith."

November does all he can to keep Patterson content with his services. Patterson got into a mild argument with a friend over Eisenhower's birthplace. Patterson said it was Georgia; the friend said (correctly) that it was Texas. Patterson said he'd checked November. November had assured him Eisenhower had been born in Georgia.

Recently Arthur Mann, a reputable free-lance writer who had been hired to do Patterson's autobiography, finished a draft of the book and



D'AMATO: A LONELY ROOM



NOVEMBER: A CHALLENGE

no principles! This man lies to your face, and he believes his own lies. A respectable racketeer!"

With D'Amato somewhat out of the Patterson picture November has filled the vacuum. November is a big, bald, baby-faced Brooklynite. He boasts of the honors he won in law school, and he is fond of telling how he sued as a minority stockholder to keep the baseball Giants from moving to San Francisco. (He lost the case—to Roy Cohn, of all people. Before the judge gave his decision, Cohn went on the radio and attacked November as a publicity seeker. "You can't warm up to Roy Cohn," November says.)

Things keep happening to November in November. November was born in November. November once got "deadly ill" in November. November started his law firm in November. "People think I'm kidding them when I tell them my name is

the publisher was so elated with it that he sent Patterson a letter of congratulations. But Patterson decided he didn't like the book, November never read it, but Joel Weinberg, a young associate in November's firm, read part of it, some of it aloud to Patterson. Weinberg says Patterson thought it should have been titled *Cos D'Amato's War Against the IBC*. "I encouraged," says Weinberg. "Frankly, I did." November saw to it that Mann was relieved of the assignment and his manuscript tabled.

Despite this, November denies there is any rift between D'Amato and Patterson or D'Amato and himself. Patterson, November says, has matured. "Now," says November, "Floyd makes up his own mind instead of deferring to Mr. D'Amato. Floyd said that after he went down seven times in the first fight he realized he was doing the fighting, and

now he wants to be apprised of everything. I think Mr. D'Amato is a brilliant man, far above the average boxing figure. Personally, I've had clashes with Mr. D'Amato, but only on principles. This is not unusual. I am, after all, the lawyer."

Fugazy is also cuddling up to Patterson. If Patterson retains the title, which he is favored to do, he will be the key to any promoter's ambitions. An active Catholic layman—he says he is the youngest knight ever made by the church—Fugazy has taken Patterson, a convert to Catholicism, to meet Cardinal Spellman. He even talks of arranging for Patterson to

me he was railing the shots from now on. He said, "I'm the champ, and I'll make the decisions."

Cohn was attracted to boxing by the controversy that seems to be inherent in the sport. "I think it is accurate to say that I did not get into boxing because I was a fight fan," he says. "The proposition had the element of a challenge, and that's what appealed to me."

Cohn, too, is a millionaire. He is a partner in a Wall Street law firm and chairman of the board of The Lionel Corporation. He likes desk work. "Frankly, I don't bother too much with the market," he says. "I find

taping thing to me is a joke, it's ridiculous. At the beginning I resented Kahn taping all the conversations we had. Perhaps it's his association with D'Amato that's made him so paranoid." Cohn laughed. "I was in his office when his secretary said she was leaving and was there anything she could do before she left. Before Kahn could reply, I said, 'Mr. Kahn wants you to bring in the tapes of the Roy Cohn conversations.' Kahn got all excited and yelled, 'No! No!'" (Kahn said later, "It never happened. This is typical of Roy and his sense of humor.")

Kahn's full name is Irving Berlin



FUGAZY, A BRIGHTBOOB



KAHN, A TAPE RECORDER



NOVEMBER, A LAW DIRT

visit Washington and chat with President Kennedy.

Fugazy comes by his grand aims naturally. At 36, he is a millionaire. He has made a number of investments with Cohn, an old pal, and he has expanded his travel business from one office to 19 in the space of a few years. Fugazy wears Italian suits, rides to hounds, gets at least one sub-down a day (three when he's under stress) and occasionally spars with Johansson. (This was news to Cohn, who says that when Fugazy once offered to put on the gloves, Ingo remarked, "Let's not. I don't want this on my conscience.")

Fugazy leads such a vigorous life one wonders if he is not training to take on D'Amato. "By the way," he says, "it's a lie if D'Amato says he threw me out of his apartment. I'm convinced Cus is on the way out. He is not calling the shots. Patterson told

you can make more money on your rear end than with your brain."

Cohn has sometimes used his rear end instead of his brain as a promoter. When November said Patterson would have to read the contract for the second fight, Cohn cracked, "Can he read?" Cohn now denies he ever made the remark. "There's no question he made the statement," November says.

Cohn is intrigued by the characters in boxing. "D'Amato," he says, "is unlike any other person you'll encounter in a lifetime." Cohn is also intrigued by Irving Kahn. "At first," he says, "I had the same skepticism about Kahn that seems to be prevalent, but I've gotten to like him. I find him competent, but he drives you crazy, crazy with detail and motivation research. Everyone has to have a motive. With Kahn we had to make an excuse for an excuse. Really. This

Kahn, and he is named, he will have you know, for his uncle, the songwriter. A graduate of the University of Alabama, where he enthralled throngs as the baton-twirling drum major of the school's "Milton Deffen Band," Kahn worked in New York for several years as a publicity man for 20th Century-Fox. During the war he was first an enlisted man in Army information and education, then an intelligence officer. In the service Kahn was celebrated as a wheeler-dealer. "I've never known him to do anything dishonest," says Hal Kanter, an Army buddy who is a Hollywood writer-producer. "He is very honorable. He's a ball of a horse trader though, and I'd want every light on in the room if I were doing business with him. I'd have to say he was the inventor of the loophole."

After the war Kahn returned to Fox, where he eventually became

continued on page 36

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE DERBY FOR A SON OF SAGGY?

A colt called Carry Back, with unknown and unromantically named parents, is the favorite for the year's biggest horse race

Photo by John A. Flannery



Two and a half months before the Kentucky Derby, horseracing's biggest guessing game is well under way: Which of today's slowly maturing 3-year-olds will win the 1961 classic?

This year's crop of eligibles boasts an abundance of speed. At the shorter distances they have raced thus far—six and seven furlongs, for ex-

ample—they have been dazzling. This week, in Hialeah's Everglades and Santa Anita's San Felipe, the distances are more demanding, but sheer speed may still be the deciding factor, because some good colts with staying power are not yet competing. But then come the tougher trials: the Flamingo, the Santa Anita Der-

by, the Florida Derby, the Wood Memorial, the Blue Grass—all at a mile and an eighth—before the mile-and-a-quarter Kentucky Derby on May 6. Even in these races, speed is certainly necessary, but the winner at a classic distance must know how to use it at precisely the moment when it will do him the most

continued

CARRY BACK EYES CAMERA SUSPENSEFULLY, BUT OWNER PRIDE IS CONFIDENT AFTER RECENT VICTORY AT HIALEAH RACE COURSE





LONGSHOR RIDE AND TRAM FLUTTERBY

SON OF SAGGY continued

good. Only one in a hundred ever learns that lesson perfectly and also possesses the qualities of heart and stamina that bring victory at Churchill Downs.

Among those who now seem capable of this achievement are a handful of colts and a filly named Bowl of Flowers who probably could whip the boys at any distance. But Bowl of Flowers, owned by the Brookmeads Stable that sent out Sward Dancer, will not run in the Derby.

ELLSWORTH AND SPEEDY OLSEN TIMES



She will be saved for the important filly classics at about the same time, though there is some chance she may enter the Preakness and Belmont.

Of the colts there is, first, Carry Back, now campaigning at Hialeah. Carry Back is medium-sized and brown, and last year he won nearly \$300,000. He is owned and trained by a rebrand, 55-year-old Ohlson named Jack A. Price who, with his wife Katherine, raise five horses in the name of the Deechester Farm Stable. Price occasionally loses sleep worrying about Carry Back but insists that he's never lost any worrying about the traditions of racing.

"Horses are like pieces of machinery," he argues. "If they work and make money for you, O.K. If not, I want to get rid of them." Jack Price does know his machinery. In 1940 he started the Winslow Manufacturing Company, a Cleveland firm that builds special equipment for the aircraft and automotive industries. "I was general manager when I sold out to my two brothers in 1955," he says. "After 15 years, I was tired of fighting the unions. I drew a big salary, gave most of it to the government, and when I figured I was going to wind up with ulcers I said 'what the hell' and retired."

Except for his years at Winslow, Price has had a continuing interest in horses. He bought his first yearlings in 1938, has raced a modest string since 1950 and, in 1955, decided that he would become his own trainer and try to put the stable on a paying basis. "I think of racing in terms of a profitable avocation," he says, "the main objective of which is to make money for the corporation. My wife is more sentimental about racing than I am. She gets to liking a horse and hates the idea of losing him. For me, if they can't produce, I don't want 'em."

Carry Back's chances of producing a juicy dividend for Jack and Katherine Price (a few weeks ago they turned down \$500,000 for him) are not bad at all. He is a wiry colt, easy to train and with a mind quite his own. His mind will not take him a classic distance, however, and there is some doubt as to whether his breeding will either.

His sire is an old number with the forlorn name of Saggy. His dam, with the equally ramshackle name of Joppy, often distinguished herself on

the race track by refusing to come out of the starting gate. She failed to win any of her seven races, earned a total of \$325 and eventually came into Price's hands for \$300. She was one of those mares Price was shipping from Cleveland to Florida in 1947. "A friend of mine suggested I stop in Maryland and breed the mare to Saggy," he says. "They were going to give me a bargain rate: breed all those mares to him for \$500. I said why not."

Saggy does have some credentials. He once held the world record for four and a half furlongs (which is something like a track man owning it for the 45-yard dash), and as a 3-year-old in 1948, his name popped up in headlines when he upset the mighty Citation in a peep race at the old Havre de Grace track in Maryland. This was Citation's only defeat in his Triple Crown year. At stud, Saggy has produced a number of useful winners at sprint distances. His best offspring was Gerard S. Smith's brilliant filly Outer Space, who once extended her speed to win a stake at a mile and a furlong. Breeding notwithstanding, if Carry Back can win the February 25 Flamingo Stakes at the same distance, he will rate the highest consideration for the Derby.

At Santa Anita the speedy Captain Fair has the most impressive record — 12 wins in 18 starts, including the last five in a row, four of them stakes. He is owned by Tecum and New Mexico Rancher Robert LeSage and is speed-bred all the way. However, LeSage and Trainer Charles Conisley feel that they may have a sort of carbon copy of Bally Ashe who, just when he was expected to fold up, often called upon a determined heart and refused to quit.

The two best Santa Anita candidates probably are Olden Times and Flutterby. They finished in that order, only a neck apart, in last week's California Breeders' Champion Stakes. Olden Times (34, July 25) belongs to Rex Ellsworth, who has spent five years rebuilding his stable after its success with Swaps. Flutterby belongs to Calgary businessmen Max Bell and Frank McMahon. They usually get fellow Canadian Johnny Longden to ride, and they use Longden's son, Vance, as trainer.

Flutterby is by Noor (a four-time conqueror of Citation) out of the mare Blue Butterfly, and his training has been noteworthy. "Over the

PHOTO BY GUY W. LORE



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filtered water is important. (Once some was piped to a neighboring distillery, and it completely changed the taste of the neighbor's whisky.) But so many traditional ways surround the making of *Chivas Regal*. Who can tell which one is truly the secret of its rare taste? Who cannot tell—with a lift of the cork—that here indeed is Scotland's Prince of Whiskies?



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12
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MY SECRETS OF PUTTING

by **BILL CASPER**

1955 U.S. Open Champion, 1960 Vardon Trophy winner

with **GWILYM BROWN**

Putting is almost 50% of golf, yet it is a phase of the game that has remained something of a mystery to a majority of everyday players. Now for the first time, Bill Casper divides the putt into its component parts—the grip, the stance, the stroke and the reading of greens—and reveals in detail the techniques that have made him one of the finest putters in the history of golf. Casper believes that "there is an absolutely correct way to putt," and on the following pages he demonstrates the foundations on which a sound stroke should be built. His system is not difficult to learn, it does take practice, however, but for any golfer willing to spend time the rewards are great. Putting in the Casper way, he can improve his score by at least several strokes per round.

To begin instruction, turn page



THE GRIP

Good putting begins with the grip or, to be more precise, the reverse overlap grip. This is the grip used by most low-handicap amateurs and practically all the professionals on the tour. Instead of wrapping the little finger of the right hand over the forefinger of the left hand, as you do when swinging any of the other clubs, you wrap the forefinger of the left over the fingers of the right, or, as I do (see right), over the ring finger of the right.

I will go into more detail on the reverse overlap later, but those of you who have never used this grip before may need some encouragement and a small warning. After you have first switched to the reverse overlap it may feel a bit strained and awkward. Don't be discouraged. This is perfectly natural, especially if you have used another grip for a long time. First cheek against the pictures on this page and make sure you have got it right. Then make a point of swinging your putter for a few minutes every day until the grip begins to feel comfortable. You will soon be right at home with it, just as if you had used it all your putting life.

A grip is no use at all unless it sets your hands on the shaft so that the back of the left hand, the palm of the right and the blade of the putter are off square to the same line, namely, the line to the hole. They should remain square throughout the stroke. This is absolutely essential if you expect to maintain any consistency in the direction of your putts. The advantage of the reverse overlap grip is that it not only achieves this desirable squareness, but also cements the hands together as well. With the left hand in a strong position on the shaft, but with the forefinger of the left hand overlapping the fingers of the right, neither hand can dominate the other to the extent of producing an uneven or inaccurate stroke. The full-finger grip (all 10 fingers on the shaft), for instance, puts the right hand in a dominant position on the shaft, and the standard overlap grip sets the left hand, with all its fingers on the shaft, in a much stronger po-



SHAFT OF PUTTER lies across the bottom joints of fingers, thus setting up a combination palm-and-finger grip.



RIGHT HAND holds over left thumb, completing grip. Left hand grips about an inch below the top of the shaft.



LEFT THUMB rests on top of the shaft, slightly on the right side. Left forefinger (below) over right ring finger.



sition than the right. There are several players on the pro tour who putt very well using the full-finger and the standard overlap grips, but most of us find ourselves inclined, when one hand is allowed to dominate the other this way, to push or pull our putts off line. We are not, unfortunately, so adept that we can allow for a pull, and therefore guarantee a hole.

There are minor variations that can be made with the reverse overlap. You will notice in the illustrations that my left forefinger wraps over the center knuckle of the ring finger and fits into the groove between the ring and middle fingers. I do this because the grip best fits the size and shape of my hands. Many of you, with differently shaped hands, may feel more comfortable wrapping the left forefinger over the pinky of the right hand, or maybe even over the middle finger. These variations are fine as long as the reverse overlap grip that you use feels right.

Once the left forefinger is put in the overlap position, the correct place for the left thumb is on top of the shaft, positioned just slightly along the right side and relaxed, not stretched out or drawn up. Now all you do is wrap your right hand over the top. The groove in the palm of the right hand fits over the left thumb, the right thumb rests comfortably on top of the shaft, slightly on the left side, and the pad of muscle on the inside heel of the right hand fits well over the fingernail of the left middle finger wrapped around the shaft. With the grip completed, recheck to see that the hands are correctly aligned with the blade of the putter. You should also check to see that the V formed between the right thumb and forefinger points toward the right shoulder, the V between the left thumb and forefinger toward the left ear.

How firmly should you hold the putter? I find this an easy problem to solve by imagining that the handle of the putter is a fresh egg. Squeeze the egg too hard and you'll break it, hold it too loosely and you'll drop it. Treat the putter with the same respect you would the egg. Any unnecessary squeezing will set up tensions in the hands, wrists and forearms that are bound to produce a stabbing, jerking stroke. Just feel that your hands are placed firmly on the putter, but placed there comfortably, too.

Photographs by Robert West

THE STANCE

A really effective stance must achieve two important objectives—comfort and strength. I call mine a strong one because from it I can deliver a hard, solid blow without hurrying or straining the stroke in any way. This is essential for accuracy, not only on long putts, but also on short ones. My stance is comfortable because my weight is distributed evenly on both

forearms are just a fraction of an inch clear of your body and the entire sole of the putter is flat along the ground. Don't play the ball so far out that you feel you are reaching for it, or so far in that you feel cramped. Your feet should be about a foot apart (as far apart as your feet would be for one of the short iron shots). The position of the right foot should be a matter of personal comfort, but I draw my right foot back about an inch or two behind the line (see picture on this page). This is what is called a closed stance, and I feel that it gives me a freer, smoother stroke. (For a short downhill putt on a very fast



CASPER'S RIGHT FOOT IS DRAWN slightly back of the line to the target (shown by string), creating closed stance.



RELAXED STANCE is very important to good putting. Casper bends over easily from the waist, his knees flexed only slightly. His eyes are directly over the putter blade, back of his



head is parallel with the back of his shoulders, his forearms barely touching his trousers. Casper's feet are about 18 inches apart, his elbows relaxed and directly in front of his hips.



feet, my arms swing free of my body and I bend forward at the waist only far enough to get my eyes directly over the head of the putter. The back of my head is about parallel with the back of my shoulders. It is important to be comfortable, because discomfort creates muscular strain, an uneven stroke and fatigue. Too, it takes your mind off the point of putting, which is to get the ball into the hole.

When you take your stance, the ball should be played directly opposite the left heel. It should be far enough out from the feet so that your

green I will occasionally abandon the closed stance in favor of an open one. In doing this, I will shift my feet slightly so that the right foot is an inch or two forward of the left. My right forearm is then gently moored against the right hip and I can give the ball a very controlled and very light tap, just enough to start it rolling.)

The center of your putter blade should be placed behind the ball, square to the putting line. You should bend forward at the waist, your weight on the balls of your feet,

your knees slightly flexed. Your eyes should be directly above the blade, and your hands should be just behind the ball, opposite the blade, with your forearms no more than lightly brushing the fabric of your trousers. Your arms should hang in a completely relaxed and natural position. Do not force your elbows either out or in.

The final step is to check the alignment of your hands, your putter and feet. You should now feel perfectly balanced and ready to hit a firm, confident putt toward the hole.

CONTINUED

THE STROKE

The secret of a sound putting stroke is in the wrists. The stroke should be made almost entirely with the wrists. This may come as a surprise to many golfers, but it is the way I putt, and it is the way a majority of the golfers on the pro tour putt. We rely on the wrists because we know that the very highest degree of accuracy can be achieved only with the very lowest degree of body movement. The fewer moving parts in your stroke the straighter and more consistent your putts will be. This means that during the stroke your head should remain absolutely still, your body should remain absolutely still and your arms should move only when absolutely necessary. On short putts my arms don't move at all. On medium-length putts they move imperceptibly. On really long putts, where accuracy has to be sacrificed for sheer power, my right forearm may swing back two or three inches.

Basically, these are the main facets of a correct stroke: 1) The speed of the swing should be only great enough to facilitate a smooth stroke. Too fast, and you may hit the ball harder than you want to; too slow, and the stroke is apt to get unsteady. 2) The blade should stay close to the ground. 3) The blade should stay square to the line. 4) The backswing should be short, but long enough to avoid a hurried stroke. 5) The ball should be hit with as *ever* so slight descending blow.

All this sounds suspiciously easy (maybe you think too easy), but putting really can be easy if you will take the time to master and practice its fundamentals. As far as the stroke is concerned, these fundamentals can be broken down into six categories: the practice swing, the waggle, the forward press, the backswing, the downswing and the follow-through.

1. The practice swing When you have finally figured out the line of your putt, step away from the ball and



ANATOMY OF SWING shows back of left hand is still facing target at peak of Casper's backswing (left); blade is only slightly inside putting line. At right: back of hand, face of blade are still square in follow-through; head has just started to come up.



take one or two full, vigorous practice swings. Swing your putter as if you were hitting a real ball resting on the green, but don't attempt to imitate the stroke you are about to make. The purpose of these practice swings is twofold: a) they release the tension that has built up in the wrists and forearms while you were lining up and thinking about your putt, and b) they renew your sense of feel for the weight of your putter, which may have been lost since you putted on the previous green.

2. The waggle The waggle is another way of breaking tension and establishing "feel" just before you start the stroke. My own waggle is nothing more than a slight up-and-down tapping motion of the clubhead. Many players like to square the blade in front of the ball once or twice, sort of rechecking the line. This is fine, too. Any moderate waggle is extremely helpful.

3. The forward press This is a very important yet often neglected secret of good putting. The forward press is a slight movement of the hands sideways, maybe two or three inches, toward the target. It is the move that initiates the backswing. It is a perfect method for breaking the impasse

that confronts so many golfers who stand frozen over the ball, undecided as to when to swing the putter back. It is also valuable for two more reasons: it moves the hands ahead of the ball and closes the face of the putter so that it can hit the ball a slight descending blow and give it immediate overspin; and it puts the hands in an excellent position from which to start the backswing.

4. The backswing You should start the backswing immediately after the



TAPPING SHORT PUTT. Casper takes the blade back a few inches, then "pops" ball toward hole with almost no follow-

forward press, almost as part of one continuous motion. Swing the club back entirely with the left hand, letting the right hand slide lightly along on top to steady the stroke. Any attempt to pick up the club with the right hand on the backswing will simply result in a jerky, uneven stroke. This is a case of the active left hand supplying the power while the passive right hand keeps the club on line. This assignment of roles not only helps to keep the blade low to the ground, but also facilitates the smooth wrist action you want to achieve.

During the backswing you will probably notice that your wrists and hands have a natural tendency to roll out clockwise. You must fight this tendency because it opens the club face—exactly the opposite of what you want to happen. The way to correct this error is to concentrate on keeping the back of the left hand under the shaft as the putter goes back. This action keeps the back of the left hand square to the putting line—an important rule of good putting. You may feel that you are rotating your hands in a counterclockwise motion and hooding the blade, but what you are actually doing is keeping the blade square, or as near square as possible, to the line. A check of the blade's position at the top of the backswing will confirm this beyond a doubt.

The length of the backswing is determined, of course, by the length of the putt, but the rule should be, the shorter the better. This cuts down the possibility of error. On short putts I

take my blade back only four or five inches, on long ones two feet at the most. On extremely long putts you will have to take the blade back so far that the right forearm must slide back two or three inches. But otherwise this forearm should move only a fraction of an inch. Keep practicing this and rechecking to be sure that the forearm is almost in the same position at the top of the backswing as it was at address—as if held in position by an invisible brace.

5. The downswing On the downswing the right hand supplies the power and the left hand does the guiding. There should be no conscious pause at the top of the backswing. The right hand simply takes over and starts pushing the club down. Try to feel that the power is being supplied by the palm of the right hand, not the fingers. When the fingers dominate the downswing the blade tends to close, and a pulled putt is the result. With the palm applying the force, you will have a firm, even stroke.

While your right hand is applying this force the left hand is guiding the stroke through the ball by remaining square to the putting line. Thus the two hands are balanced. Be sure to keep the right hand from overpowering the left and turning it off the line. As long as the back of the left hand stays square to the line the blade will be brought into the ball absolutely square.

6. The follow-through The correct follow-through is as important to good putting as any other part of the

stroke. It sets up the correct climax, for in gearing yourself for a proper follow-through you also make a proper stroke.

There is a basic difference between the follow-through you should use for short putts and the one you use for long putts. The short putt should be hit with a sharp rap and almost no follow-through. This is like driving a tack with a hammer. The blade comes into the ball and stops quickly on the ground only two or three inches after impact. The technique may seem difficult at first, and you may even find yourself stabbing at the ball, but if you cut down the backswing as much as possible you will find that you become amazingly accurate on these vital short putts. The left wrist remains firm, so that the back of the left hand breaks only slightly from the imaginary line running down off the forearm and moves out along the putting line after the ball. On putts of greater length you should make a longer, more natural follow-through, but again the left wrist must not be allowed to break. You can best visualize the movement if you imagine that there is a spint running down the left forearm and across the back of your hand so that it is virtually impossible to bend your wrist after hitting the ball. The wrist must push out toward the target, with the palm of the right hand following right along. Obviously, the arms must slide forward to accommodate the follow-through, but the hands and wrists will have kept the blade completely on line and the full power of the stroke will have been utilized.



through. Left hand, wrist move out toward hole (above), keeping the blade square to the target.



STRUCKING LONG PUTT. Capper has moved his right forearm only slightly on the backswing, kept the blade almost square to putting line. On a full, smooth follow-through, left hand and wrist have pushed out toward the target, and blade is still square long after impact.



CONTINUED

READING THE GREENS

It is almost as important to know the direction of the grain on a putting green as it is to know whether you are putting uphill or downhill. Grain has a decided effect not only on which direction a putt will bend, but on how far it will roll. On certain types of grass the grain can alter by as much as 20%; how hard a putt should be hit, the force of the stroke depending on whether the putt is with or against the grain.

Close examination is the best way of reading grain, but other signs are helpful. On a hilly green the grain usually will run downhill. On an

oceanside course the grain generally runs toward the ocean. Not all greens are planted with the same grass, so it is extremely valuable to know what to expect from each of the two basic types, bent and Bermuda.

Bermuda is a tough grass that thrives on heat and has the strongest grain of all grasses. It is primarily a hot-weather, summertime grass, encountered mostly in the southern and southwestern states. It has a wide, dark-colored blade and makes for a very slow putting surface. The grain on a Bermuda green is easy to spot. It will gladden noticeably down the grain and will appear very dark when you are looking into it. The contrast between putting with the grain and against it is very extreme. On Bermuda a putt hit with sufficient force to roll 30 feet with the grain may travel only about 25 feet against it. Grain that runs directly across the line of your putt will have a similarly

strong effect, and you must allow some left or right borrow even on an absolutely flat surface. How much is something you can learn only through experience.

Bent is an all-year-round grass that is found everywhere in the U.S. where the climate is moist. It has a narrow blade, not quite so dark as Bermuda, can be cut very short and forms by far the fastest putting surface of all—especially when you are putting with the grain. Its grain is not nearly so strong as Bermuda but will sometimes grow in three or four directions and requires close inspection. On bent a putt that will roll 30 feet with the grain is likely to travel about 28 feet against it when hit with the same force.

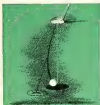
In general, if you have any doubt about what kind of grass you will be putting on, ask the club's professional. This simple question may save you several strokes a round.



PUTT AGAINST GRAIN meets strong resistance from grass blades pointing directly into it, slows down quickly. Ball must be hit firmly so it can overcome grain, reach the hole.



PUTT WITH GRAIN meets only light resistance from grain, which already bends in the direction of putt, must be hit about 15% more softly than putt rolling against the grain.



DRAMATIC EFFECT of grain on putt is seen even on flat surface. At left: grain growing in left-to-right direction slides ball toward hole even though putt is aimed outside the target



(dotted circle). At right: grain growing from right to left has opposite effect. The ball must be played as though green actually sloped, unlike putt where the grain is straight (center).



SOME HINTS ON PUTTING

Putting contours. There is no real trick to putting contours. You learn by practice. But there are some vital points to keep in mind: 1) A putt that breaks twice is going to break much more sharply off the second turn than off the first. This is because the ball has slowed down and is more likely to be affected by the contour of the green. 2) For the same reason, a putt that rolls across a slope at the end of its run is going to break much more sharply at that point than it would were the slope confronted shortly after the ball was hit. Therefore, on putts that roll over several slopes, allow for more break at the end than the beginning.

Downhill putts. Unless the putt is very short, leave the flagstick in when you are putting from above the hole. The flagstick will often slow a putt that might have gone sailing past, sometimes bounce it into the cup.

Long putts. Don't try to make all your long putts. Lag them up near the hole. I aim for an imaginary circle around the hole three feet in diameter. I thus avoid charging past and raking a three-putt green. Occasionally the long ones will drop in.

Buying a putter. Don't just walk into the pro shop, pull a putter out of the rack and buy it. Take two or three out on the putting green and practice with them until you find one that seems comfortable. I favor a putter with a stiff shaft and a heavy blade. If there is plenty of weight in the blade, the hands and wrists are obliged to do that much less work.

Practice. Putting is just about 50% of golf and deserves an equivalent amount of practice. When you practice, concentrate on the short putts. They are the ones you are going to be facing most of the time. I spend 10 minutes working on the short putts for every five minutes I spend on the long ones.

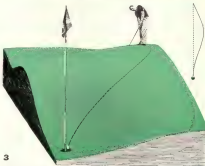
END



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2



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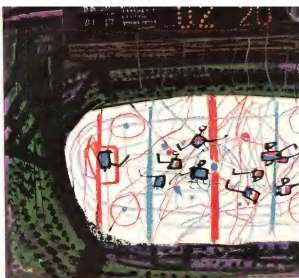
PUTTING WELLY GREENS: (1) Ball rolls straight until it begins slowing down, then breaks sharply into pin. (2) Putt starts well to right, sweeps in toward pin. (3) Two-way-breaking putt starts to left, then back to right, then in toward pin.

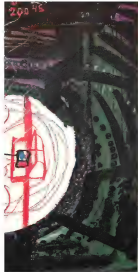
A EUROPEAN ARTIST DISCOVERS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GAME OF ALL . . .



It is an artist's delight," purred French painter André François of professional hockey. "It catches the action, the color and the excitement of America itself." Known in this country mostly for his children's books and famous abroad for his posters, cartoons, caricatures and ballet sets, François fell in love with hockey after a single visit to Madison Square Garden. The bold lines and flashing colors on the following pages are a valentine to his new love



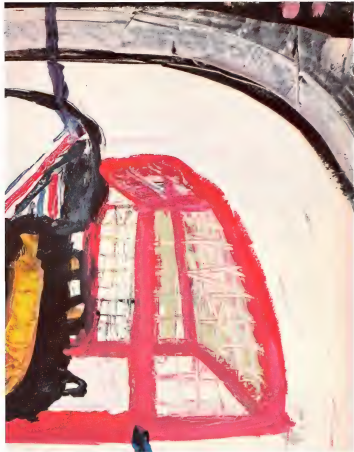




*The motion of the players," says François,
"the color of the uniforms and the excitement of the
crowd left my head reeling. I was full of hockey"*







I particularly liked to keep my eyes on the goal.
That way I caught the action like a wide-screen movie"

A7



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SALT-WATER JOCKEYS

Photographs by Gordon Parks

In jackets inspired by the bright geometry of international yachting code flags, this year's sailors can sport their own initials and be as easy to spot as a jockey in his silks. For more new color-atracked boating clothes, turn the page



Alphabet jackets (the ones shown above are W, Y and Z) are available in all 26 letters. They are made by Mighty-

Mac of Gloucester, Mass., of water-repellent, Scotchgard-finished Cone poplin; men's sizes cost \$17, women's cost \$15.

CONTINUED



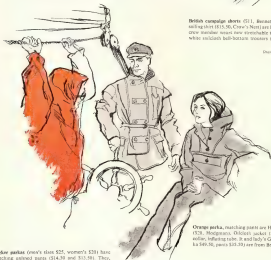
HIGH, DRY COLOR

Foot-weather gear, once as drab as a spall cloud, is now brightly hued in a fiber-glass hull and is made of new materials nearly as water-tight. The parkas on the facing page are of a vinyl-coated nylon, terry-lined for comfort inside. In the drench below are a parachute-weight-nylon parka of new high-visibility orange and a chrome-yellow inflatable jacket from England. The lady's parka comes in indigo or yellow and is of five-ounce weatherproof Gannex cloth. For sunnier sailing, there are a new stretchable terry-cloth orange parka and a new edition of an old favorite—British campaign shorts, now being made for American sailors.—FRAN R. SMITH



British campaign shorts (\$11, Bazaar) and black wool sailing shirt (\$15.50, Crew's Nest) are fun for cruising. Fair crew member wears new stretchable terry pullover (\$11), white sailcloth bell-bottom trousers (\$13, both by Ultra).

Drawings by Anne Stocker



Orange parka, matching pants are Hercules-coated nylon (\$78, Hodgmons). Oilcloth jacket (\$39.50) has conductive nylon, inflating tube. It and lady's Gannex-cloth suit (parka \$49.50, pants \$13.99) are from British Sporting Goods.

◀ **Sticker parkas** (men's start \$25, women's \$29) have matching sailcloth pants (\$14.99 and \$15.99). They, like the alpacas jackets, are by Moby-Mac and are available at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Arnold Leonard, Skokie, Illinois; Phelps-Terkel, Los Angeles.

Strolling players

Pro and amateur tennis met in New York last week, but each was on its own side of the street

[I]f things had been a little bit different, New Yorkers last week might have been able to see the greatest indoor tennis in the world. But things are seldom different in the world of tennis. Divided by a lot more than just Fifth Avenue, Jack Kramer's troupe of touring professionals at Madison Square Garden and the National Indoor Championships at a Park Avenue armory were each going their separate ways to the benefit of neither.

The trouble at the armory was that Kramer's champions were not there to play. (The closest approximation, Italy's Orlando Sirola, was eliminated in the very first round.) The trouble at the Garden was that there was nothing much to play for. In a rough school of sleeper jumps and one-night stands, Kramer's tennis players have learned to become real pros, but they produce a show without a final act, just a long series of scenes that vary only slightly. And yet it is a plucky show they put on, sometimes under hideous conditions. In Muncie, Ind. their court was warped. In Scranton it sagged—"like playing on a double bed," one player said. In Philadelphia the hockey ice over which the green canvas was laid began to melt, soaking the playing surface. Some arenas are too short, others too narrow. Practically all of them have inadequate lighting so that legs disappear into a smoky haze. But to the touring pros such hazards are routine. After all, no one expects Muncie to be Wimbledon.

Their tour began in New Zealand, moved on to Hawaii and then California. Early this month it was in the East, fighting its way through

heavy snows from Utica and Buffalo and Coming to Manhattan's Garden. Later this month the tour will depart for a five-week stay in Europe, then return again to this country for more barnstorming.

There are six players in the troupe: Richard (Pancho) Gonzalez, the durable world champion, now recovered from his recent stomach injury (31, Feb. 5); Lew Hoad, the heir apparent; Barry MacKay and Earl Butchholz, two green apples from the amateur field; Alex Oñeda, hero of the United States 1968 Davis Cup victory; and the young Spaniard, Andres Gimeno, whose name should be—but seldom is—pronounced "he may know."

The route

Of the six, Gonzalez, of course, is the main attraction. Tall, dark and explosive, he is still, at 32, the best tennis player in the world and looks it. But he hates the touring life, the constant traveling, the irregular hours and the endless succession of hotels. He plays on for the most part just to pay his bills.

"Poor Gorgo," said a friend recently. "How he'd like to quit. But he has those alimony payments to Henrietta and the kids—\$15,000 a year—and the mortgage on that huge house in Pacific Palisades he bought for Madelyn (nee Darrow, a Hollywood model and former Miss Rheingold, whom Gonzalez married in 1960). He'll be back next year."

Lew Hoad, the No. 2 man on the tour, is no longer the iceberg personality he was when he first came to this country as a 17-year-old amateur. Now, at 28, out from under the stern tutelage of Australian captain Harry Hopman, Lew, off court, is relaxed and friendly, "a real gentleman," says Myron McNamara, a Kramer lieutenant. But he is mar-



AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF EMPTY

ried and has three children, all of whom are in Melbourne, and he misses them. Because he has invested his money wisely, this may be Hoad's last tour, especially if he wins it—and he plans to win it.

"Hoady wants to win as badly as any man I ever saw," says McNamara. "Some men rage visibly. Lew dies hard inside. He's the sort who will walk the streets until 5 in the morning after losing a tough match."

It is Lew's fiercely combative spirit, coupled with Pancho's economic need to win, that generates the kind of competitive excitement that is the pro tour's only approximation of real tournament spirit. In Hoad, Gonzalez sees the one real threat to his top ranking and, hence, his top money. Thus when Hoad and Gonzalez are playing, the crowd senses



BEATS IN PHILADELPHIA, LEW HOAD MAKES LOW BACKHAND VOLLEY IN MATCH WITH PANCRO GONZALES

Photograph by Bruce Smith

their desire and great tennis becomes a great contest.

This obvious rivalry as much as their skill makes Gonzales and Hoad the invariable "main event" when Kramer comes to town; the young newcomers, good as they are, are only prelims.

Barry MacKay is 25, a big, good-natured Michigan graduate who made the pro ranks on a strong serve and little else. He will never be in the same class with Gonzales and Hoad, and when he considers his tennis future he thinks in terms of three years only, the length of his contract with Kramer. Consequently, he has been investing the money he earns with Vic Seixas, the old Davis Cup warhorse, who now works for a Philadelphia brokerage house.

Butch Buchholz, on the other hand,

has an unlimited future. Only 20, he has, tennis people agree, all the strokes to become a superb player. The one thing he lacks right now is maturity. A bad call or an unhusky bounce brings a flush to the boy's face, and where an older man, like Gonzales, often plays better when angry, Buchholz crumbles.

Wistful smile

Alex Olmedo—the Chief—is the loner of the troupe and often seems not to care much whether he wins or loses. He travels with the others, but always at a slight distance. At an airport coffee shop, if the others sit at a table, Olmedo sits at the counter. On the plane he goes up front when the others sit in the rear. "The Chief likes to travel incognito," says Otis Parks, another Kramer assistant.

The Chief also likes girls. He talks a good deal about marriage and his ill fortune at being unable to find the right girl. He is always trying to rectify it. On a plane he will ask the stewardess if she can help him. The stewardess will say certainly, what can she do. Olmedo will simply look at her and smile wistfully.

Olmedo's game varies with his mood and the lovesickness of the moment. At his best he can beat anyone, but when his fire is out—and it frequently is—he expends easily. "I can't figure him at all," says McNamara, and neither can anyone else.

The pet of the Kramer tour at the moment and a potential darling of the fans is Gimeno. Tall, slim and loose-jointed, this young Spanish champion looks on the courts like a marionette of Ricardo Montalban worked by a

continued

nervous puppeteer. Between strokes he is a quivering collection of twitches but when the play starts he suddenly becomes as graceful as a matador. Off court, he cheers up losers, compliments winners in delightfully broken English and offers helping hands right and left. Gimeno's career as an amateur was not distinguished, but Kramer saw in his powerful serve and fluid ground strokes the ingredients of a future champion whose price might rise, so he signed him quick. But Gimeno, though only 23, does not intend to stay long with pro tennis. He regularly sends a good portion of his earnings back to Barcelona, where his father owns a perfume shop. He is also buying real estate.

"I think in three years, if I do well, then I go back," he said one morning in Philadelphia, resting on his hotel bed. "I think by then I will have had enough of this. It is a tiring life."

That is one point on which all six players will agree. The life of a touring tennis pro is rugged. Every day there is a plane to catch, a hotel to check into, new hands to shake and new avenues to locate. Meals are often taken on the run, in airports and coffee shops. And the players are always



ON THE TRAIN Gimeno taps mindfully while Low Head waits to grab a seat.

tired. The matches rarely end much before midnight. When they are over, most of the players like to eat and enjoy a few beers, for they are too worked up to go directly to sleep. But departure for the next city is usually made at dawn, to allow for the inevitable delays of fogged-in airports and snow-laden highways. So the interval between lights out and reveille is often a matter of minutes.

The players' problems are personal ones, but they are all a part of the bigger problem that belongs to Kramer. Here is a man who has under contract all the best tennis players in the world, and all he can do is shunt them across country like performing seals. His professional tours are still a shambling operation, occasionally drawing crowds of 5,000, but all too often playing to little clusters of 800 or so.

This year Kramer has tried to instill a little of the old National League pennant race magic into the tour, throwing his six players into a 50-match round robin, followed by a 25-match playoff series, for a first-place prize of \$35,000. He has labeled it, grandly, "The World Series of Professional Tennis," but to most fans it still is nothing more than a tennis exhibition. A quarter-final match at Forest Hills, though the tennis may be inferior, provides a lot more drama.

What Jack Kramer and his professional champions want more than anything is a chance to play the game they excel at in real competition—to prove their championship in real tournaments. That the real tournaments also used them was never clearer than in New York last week. **END**



BETWEEN TRAINS, RICKRAY, GONZALEZ, HEAD, GIMENO AND BUCHHOLTZ WAIT AS USUAL FOR THE CHRONICALLY MISSING ALEX OLMEDO



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A fine win for dispirited Harold

A cautious but capable fighter with a mild name is now the light heavyweight champion of the entire world—except for Archie

After Harold Johnson knocked out Jesse Bowdry in Miami Beach last week to win the National Boxing Association version of the light heavyweight championship of the world, he was asked, as is the tedious custom, how he felt.

"I feel good," replied Harold, "but I don't feel like the champ. I won't until I beat the old man. But the last time I heard from him he was going to be a movie star."

The old man, of course, is Archie Moore, whom the NBA deposed but who is still recognized as the champion in New York, Massachusetts and Europe. "The NBA don't recognize me and I don't recognize them," Archie says. "So who are they? A congenial, nonconforming body tampering with something that belongs to me."

Despite Archie's wit and his own and his promises "to defend what remnants of the title I have left," he hasn't defended a shred of it since August 12, 1958, which is why the NBA took it away. As Pat Olivieri, Johnson's manager, says: "Archie has done a lot for boxing. I don't want him to kill it, though."

Olivieri, a Philadelphia restaurateur who claims he invented the steak sandwich, has been managing—really supporting—Johnson for six years, during which time Harold has been steadily unemployed, except for fitful appearances with a combo: "Harold Johnson, No. 1 contender, on drums." Olivieri wails, "I've been promised 1,000 fights. I've had 12. Harold's too good for his own good. Harold Johnson's name, it's poison. 'Why do I want to get massacred by your fighter?' they tell me. It cost me more for sparring partners

then we took in in purses. I've spent \$109,960 cash on Harold, he's earned \$14,996."

Harold's problem is simple. Although he is a fighter of such unquestioned ability that his corner neither plots his battles nor gives him advice, his style is as dispirited and academic as a calendar landscape. Moore—who has fought Harold five bouts, winning four—says, "I've always said that Johnson is a very good fighter, within his limitations. But after the first three rounds the crowd begins to yawn. He's harder to catch than a number in a Chinese lottery. That's no good for drawing a gate. Johnson's been slipping around saying I'm afraid to fight him. He's just trying to force me into a fight. But I'm too old to be fooled like that. A fighter, especially a good one, has got to have imagination. You've got to know what you want, and when the chance comes you've got to act immediately. If you don't, your thought is wafted away and your dream is diluted. I have implored with Johnson to refrain from saying things about me. But I do guarantee you one thing—if he keeps talking about me I'm going to make him famous. I'm going to let him introduce a new thing to the public called the St. Vitus dance while fat on your back." Archie's fee as a dance innovator is a \$250,000 guarantee, he says. That's what he means by imagination.

Like father, like son

Johnson, for his part, respectfully and earnestly defends his way of fighting. He admits that in those lean years he has felt "like racking up, but it's in my blood." Harold's father was a fighter, too; both father and son were

knocked out by Jersey Joe Walcott, a dubious distinction. "It seems," Harold complains softly, "that I can only please the fans when I knock a man out. It's hard to please them. They holler for blood and when they get blood they holler to stop the fight and meantime I'm trying to keep from getting my brains knocked out. A lot of people think I'm yellow. I try, I try lots of times to go in. But I'm missing and stumbling. A lot of people don't realize that I don't fight often. So I step back. What's the use going in and tiring myself out? Let the referee bring him out. I like to watch a fighter, know his moves. Watch how he falls short with his punches. When I get hurt, I fight. The other way, it's not natural." Says Olivieri: "Harold's a timid boy, don't talk too much. That puts him on the outside looking in. Archie, every place he goes he puts his hat on the rack and calls it home."

Bowdry was trained by Henry Armstrong, the persuasive old triple champion who is now a Baptist evangelist (he says he got the call driving to Malibu tanked on Moscow mules when a figure dressed in white appeared beside him, saying: "Henry Armstrong, you're going straight but in the wrong direction").

The fight started slowly and in an eerie silence although there were 4,000 people in the hall. During the first three rounds Johnson did the leading reluctantly, jabbing stiffly and accurately at Bowdry, who fought in a severe crouch and went occasionally for the body, though ponderously and at long range. In the first round Johnson threw only one right hand. In the second he tried three elementary combinations. In the third he began to hook. As Harold explained later: "I didn't want to take no chances with him. Bowdry has a funny style and I didn't want to waste a lot of



HE SHAVER HEAD GLEAMING, HAROLD JOHNSON STRIKES MAJESTIC POSE AS HE FLOORS JESSE BOWDRY WITH CLASSIC RIGHT

punches. I was leading to get my opening but I wasn't doing too hot. I wanted to be sure with my right. I put a lot of steam in it and if I miss I might fall on the floor."

In the fourth Bowdry started to come on, sweeping hooks with both hands. Johnson countered with abrupt rights and swift combinations. The fifth was the best round for

Bowdry, who seemed to be responding to the stamping of the restive audience. He banged diligently to the body but got his lungs coming in. "I didn't figure him to be so slow," Harold said. "When I saw him on TV he looked very fast. I found I could counterpunch very easily over his jab. This is a 16-round deal, I thought. I looked in his corner—

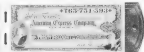
that's the way to tell about a fighter—and he looked relaxed. But round about the fifth or sixth he looked tired. My problem was to make him get up out of his crouch. So I started using flick jabs so he'd think I was losing my power. And then I kind of got down in the crouch with him, too."

Falling for Johnson's scheme,

continued



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BOXING *continued*

Bowdry started to take charge and hit Johnson with a good right in the sixth. "It was a daze punch," Johnson admitted. "It wasn't serious but I wouldn't want to get hit with no more." Shortly afterward, he hit Bowdry with a short, fast left hook, almost a phantom punch, and stepped back. Jesse seemed to hang for a moment as if mysteriously levitated, and then collapsed slowly on his side, getting up at the count of nine. Johnson did not pursue his advantage. "I saw a lot of openings," he said, "but



HAPPY JOHNSON LIFTS ARMS IN TRIUMPH

I was scared to open." Bowdry survived the seventh and switched from the body to the head, recklessly going for a knockout. Johnson, whose sense of timing and distance is impeccable, hit him with a short right on the side of the jaw at the end of the eighth, and Bowdry fell on his head as if to someone. The bell came at the count of two.

In the ninth, a right to the temple put Bowdry down for eight and, after considerable punishment, a right to the kidney finally pitched him forward again. Eddie Yawitz, Bowdry's manager, lumbered into the ring flapping a towel, but the referee, who had his back to Yawitz, had already embraced Jesse and stopped the fight.

"I feel kind of good now being No. 2 light heavyweight champion of the world," Johnson said after the fight, scratching his shaven skull. "But I guess I better grow some hair. Those punches starting to hurt my head."

END

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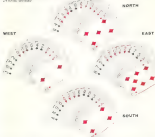
One against the book

When Peter Laventritt takes off for Buenos Aires next April to play on the U.S. team in the world championship competition against France, Italy and Argentina, he will leave his famous New York Card School still soundly staffed with international talent. Included on the faculty is my teammate and friend Boris Koytchou, a young man born in Russia, who has played on the international teams of both France and the U.S.

Last year Boris won the Sally Fabbein Memorial trophy for the outstanding individual performance at the Summer National Championships in Los Angeles. There he added to our team victory in the Spingold Championship his own excellent performances in the Men's Pair and other events, to compile the best record made by any player at the tournament.

In the following deal he had the opportunity to make a play that is contrary to the basic "book" advice given to all novice bridge players.

East-West vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
10	PASS	10	PASS
10	PASS	2 N.Y.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 9 of hearts

This was a deal that violated all of the cliché "rules" that presumably guide the beginner toward expert play. First to fall by the wayside was the classic "Lead the fourth highest of the longest and strongest suit." Instead West, Harold Ogust, chose the 9 of hearts as his opening lead. Leading your long suit when your hand doesn't promise any certain re-entries is usually a futile procedure. It is far better, in such straits, to try to find partner's best suit and hope that he will have the equipment with which the contract may be defeated.

To Ogust, that suit seemed to be hearts. Dummy's low heart was played and now East, Koytchou, took his turn at tearing up the rule book. "Third hand high" runs the precept. And, with the ace in dummy, Koytchou was sure to be able to win the first trick with his heart king. But West's 9 was marked as a top-of-nothing lead—which meant that South must have queen-jack-10. That left only two hearts for Ogust. Suppose East took the first trick and continued the suit. West, if he were able to regain the lead, would not have another heart to return. So, instead of winning the trick with the king, Koytchou played the 7 to encourage partner to continue the suit, and allowed South to win the trick with the 10-spot.

Declarer's best chance to win nine tricks or more was to establish some diamonds, so when he won the first trick he led the diamond 5. Ogust ignored another rule—"second hand low." He rose with the diamond king to lead a second heart. This time the finesse lost to Koytchou's king, and a third heart (so which West discarded the 2 of diamonds) knocked out declarer's last stopper.

Before staking everything on finding West with the diamond ace, declarer took the guess and ace of spades, in hopes that the jack-10 might fall. When no honor appeared, South fell back on the diamonds. But his hope was lost. Koytchou had the ace to gain the lead and cash his two hearts to put the contract down one trick.

EXTRA TRICK

Broad rules of play are reasonably good guides. They will help an inexperienced player to cope with players of greater skill. But rules were not meant to take the place of reason. So, when inspiration points in the direction of the latter, it is well to scrap the rules and let the plus on your score be the answer to your critics.

END



SURFCASTERS CROWD THE BEACH NEAR BARNEGAT INLET, NEW JERSEY, ONE OF EAST COAST SHORE POINTS STILL OPEN TO PUBLIC

Long cold war at the edge of the sea

Stubborn anglers still fight against salt-water licenses, but if they win they may lose the chance to keep fishing

The sportsmen above, struggling for casting room on a New Jersey beach, are salt-water fishermen, a naturally stubborn and optimistic breed of anglers who tend to believe 1) that the ocean belongs to them and 2) that it will always be full of fish. There are a great many of these tenacious types in the country—nearly 5½ million at last count—and the Sport Fishing Institute estimates that they are increasing at the rate of about 270,000 per year. Furthermore, they catch a lot of fish. In the course of a single year (1988) they caught 360 million edible fish—about 14% of the total caught by sports and commercial fishermen combined.

But in spite of their increasing numbers and the heavy pressure they put on the fish, these salt-water an-

glers remain the most thoroughly unreconstructed and unregulated bunch of freeloaders among outdoor sportsmen. Of the 23 states having ocean shore line, only five—California, Oregon, Texas, Louisiana and Alabama—require a salt-water fishing license. If this unrealistic situation continues for many more years, the anglers are likely to find themselves with very few chances to pull fish from their big, broad, but no longer accessible ocean.

Along the East Coast, from Maine to Miami, there are less than 250 miles of totally unrestricted public fishing lands. Access roads, boat launching facilities and fishing piers are badly needed for the public areas that remain. On the West Coast only 295 miles of shore line are still open to the public. And on both coasts there

is a strong need for conservation research, pollution control, habitat improvement and law enforcement. Unfortunately, all these things cost money, and the best way to get the money is by making licenses mandatory for everyone who fishes in salt water.

Since the need for licenses is so apparent and so pressing, why haven't the other 18 states passed appropriate laws and tapped this logical source of revenue? Well, part of the answer is that fishermen, though not actually opposed to development and research programs, don't like being regulated and resent the bother and the expense of having to take out a license. "Fishermen are the world's worst when it comes to supporting legislation that will protect their sport," says Douglas Menard, past president of Washington's Tyee Club.

"Salt water," explains one antilicense Washingtonian, "is the only free thing we've got left."

This kind of antilicense freethink-

ing is typical of the intransigent, standpaters and know-nothings who oppose change as a matter of principle. It is also typical of the resentists, who hate to acknowledge that the relationship between man and nature (or at least between salt-water fisherman and nature) should be subject to rules and fees. Then, too, there are the fools and marina operators, tackle and bait dealers and party-boat skippers who feel that licensing might divert the less-than-dedicated angler to other pursuits.

Along with all these senseless or selfish objections there are some legitimate reasons why a few well-informed anglers are not wholly in favor of licenses. Mainly they are concerned about the unwise or dishonest use of license revenue, and they cite the federal duck stamp controversy as a case in point. For years wildfowlers thought that all duck stamp moneys went for the acquisition of new marshlands. Actually, up to 15% of the revenue was used for enforcement, and much of it was used to develop exciting wet lands. On a more local scale, the Long Island League of Saltwater Fishermen fears that license fees would be used to benefit bigger and better organized groups of sportsmen, specifically the upstate fresh-water fishermen, who need money for trout hatcheries and stream improvement, and the hunters, who want to buy more public shooting lands.

A broom for politicians

In the state of Washington the locally influential *Fishing and Hunting News* opposes licensing on the grounds that the present state fisheries department is not only political and incompetent but is also heavily biased in favor of commercial salmon fishermen.

"Sure, salt-water sports licenses are coming," says the *News'* Washington Editor Stan Jones, "but not until a stiff-bristled broom and a ball bat are used to clean a very smelly fisheries department from bilge to poop deck."

Fishermen who object to licenses on these often very realistic grounds can take heart from what has been accomplished in the states that now require licensing. For example, in California, which has the most fishermen and the first salt-water licensing law (1913) in the U.S., salt-water fees are used mainly to help finance

(By Rick Smith)



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fish research programs. California biologists have already rescued one important game fish, the kelp bass, which was in danger of being fished out until the scientists stepped in. Through underwater observation, the biologists established that the bass stayed in one area, making them vulnerable to overfishing, and also determined that the species spawned only after growing to a fairly large size. After a daily bag limit of 10 and a size limit of 12 inches was imposed, the kelp bass came back strongly.

California also helps its fishermen by building and maintaining fishing piers. But the most spectacular project has been the creation of new, man-made fishing grounds. By dumping barge-loads of old automobiles and trolley cars into shallow waters, the state has built up a chain of artificial reefs which have attracted great schools of halibut—and the game fish that feed on them.

A law for sportsmen

Texas, too, has given the salt-water fisherman good mileage for his license dollar. Like California, Texas uses its salt-water revenues to carry on a heavy program of research and tries to translate the research into sensible laws to benefit the sportsmen. Commercial netting for sea trout and redfish was tightly restricted around Padre Island in 1955 and in Galveston Bay in 1959 so that the species could be preserved as recreational assets.

In the near future a lot of money will have to be spent in the other coastal states for similar programs of research, as well as for land and access acquisition—and law enforcement. A good bit of this money will have to come from salt-water fishermen themselves, whether they like it or not. A lot of them won't like it—but as Velney Benson, a leading sporting-goods dealer of Berkeley, Calif. and himself an enthusiastic angler, says, "It's ridiculous the way some people scream about paying \$3 for a license, then spend \$50 on gear."

Personally, I feel that once the license laws are passed the revenues in most cases will be honestly and wisely spent. And after some initial grumbling, fishermen will come to realize that they have finally accepted a program whose one purpose is to insure the continuation of their sport. **END**

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THE GANG

continued from page 19

manager of television and radio operations. One day an actor named Fred Burton approached him with a crude device consisting of a wooden box and two rolls of butcher paper that would enable a speaker to read a script while looking directly at the audience. Fox was not interested, but Kahn and an associate were. Kahn borrowed up to \$70,000, they set up their own company and perfected the device, which was an almost instant hit in television. That was 16 years ago. Last year TelePrompTer Corporation grossed \$5 million.

Actually, the company name is now misleading. The corporation makes 90% of its money not from leasing or selling TelePrompTers, but from what Kahn calls "group communications." An example is a closed-circuit telecast that can attract a profitable number of viewers for a special event—for instance, the forthcoming fight, which may gross as much as \$3 million on Kahn's hook-

up. Besides piping the fight into theaters and arenas, Kahn expects to service 100,000 home sets linked to community antennas, and he claims TelePrompTer has the largest home pay TV potential in the world. He is planning for the day when he can put baseball's World Series on closed circuit TV.

Kahn was very much in evidence during the last few Patterson fights, but now he has withdrawn to the sidelines. Kahn and his board of directors were upset by the bad publicity he and the company received during the Rosenbergs investigations, and Kahn is wary of incurring more. As far as he is concerned, boxing is merely a way of earning a corporate buck and dramatizing pay TV, and the less he has to do with the sport, without losing his cut, of course, the better. "Had I the benefit of hindsight, I might not have gotten into it," Kahn says, the tape recorder turning silently.

END

SON OF SAGGY

continued from page 22

years," says Vance Longden, "my father has introduced me to many of the leading European trainers. The most important thing they have taught me is that in training for longer races the basic formula is to work horses over a distance, but not too hard and not too often. Now, with Flutterby we know his breeding should carry him a distance, so this season I've kept him out of sprints while building up his stamina. This builds the horse up physically while allowing the muscles to develop gradually."

Olden Times, who has twice this season lost to Captain Fair by narrow margins at seven furlongs, is, as his trainer Mick Tenney puts it, "still a good horse until proven otherwise." He is perfectly balanced and flawless in action. His distance capabilities will depend on the success of the Rex Ellsworth theory that a good combination of bloodness often has speed on the side of the sire (in this case,

Relic) and staying power on the side of the dam (Djeana, from the line that produced Pharis).

Other colts, of course, are going to be heard from on both coasts between now and Derby time. In Florida, to test Carry Back, are the recent stakes winners Vapor Whirl and Crozier, along with Try Cash, Beau Prince, Nashua Blue, Garvel and Gundakal, a son of Citation who may well be the best of the lot in two months.

At Santa Anita, already prepping for their March 4 Derby, are Pappa's All, Game, Flatterer, Gay Landing and another Ellsworth prospect, a Swaps colt named Hustle Bubble.

The guessing game will continue with growing excitement through the competition of the next 11 weeks, and on the afternoon of May 6 it will be at its peak. By then it will be confined to about a dozen hardy, possibly patched-up survivors. For racing fans, this will again be the moment of the year.

END

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JOHN PEEL AND PETER RABBIT

by EMILY HAHN

Elevated on a pedestal of artistic tradition, England's hunter whose "view halfpoot" would awaken the dead" is pursued as hotly as he pursues. In full cry after him are those glorious eccentrics, the abolitionists of blood sports. The spiritual progenitor of their creed is the blue-coated bunny of the classic children's tale

No one who, like myself, has lived some years in England can avoid the growing and occasionally puzzling awareness that Englishmen seem to prefer animals to people. Like other foreigners here, I am often impressed by the local inhabitants' extraordinary preoccupation with zoology, which the newspapers, to whose columns I am firmly addicted, never let one forget.

Some time ago, sitting in my study, I saw a big headline in the Sunday paper: 12 WOMEN SAY THIS IS CRUEL. I made a bet with myself before I read the story that it would be about animals, and not children or exploited workers. I was right: it seems that the ladies were protesting their discovery that six milk-cart horses, retired to pasture through a public subscription of £250, were being ridden by the local small fry. Just a regular run-of-the-mill English newspaper story, which thoroughly rated the front-page play it got. In due course, the local Mem-

ber of Parliament probably will raise the matter on the floor of the House of Commons, where it may be debated with passion to a packed gallery of animal lovers and animal-lover haters.

The implacable kindness of the zoophiles reaches far beyond the home islands into every nook of the Commonwealth, the world and the time-space continuum. Ham the chimpanzee recently charmed almost everybody who saw newspaper photographs of the ditty smile he brought back with him from outer space. But there were those in England who weren't charmed at all; they were furious. Ham had hardly been tossed from Cape Canaveral toward the galaxies before a protest was lodged at the U.S. Embassy in London. It came from the youth section of the Antivivisection Society and expressed "disgust" that a live chimpanzee should be so used. And the largest headline hullabaloo of all was the one over Prince Philip's tiger.

He recently bagged it in India, where he and Queen Elizabeth were the guests of the Maharajah of Jaipur. The royal consort was criticized in the press on every possible ground—by those who thought it was unpoetical to shoot a tiger from a platform and by those who thought it rather rotten to shoot a tiger at all. A newspaper mader in the days following the tiger shoot might have supposed that the monarchy itself was tottering under popular anger and in its worst crisis since Charles I lost his head to Oliver Cromwell—or at least since Edward VIII lost his over Mrs. Simpson. The incident aroused other grievances against the royal family. The London *Daily Mirror* recalled that Elizabeth shot and killed her first stag in 1962 and that she stalked deer in Scotland. Even young Prince Charles, the *Mirror* noted, recently shot his first woodcock.

The papers thrive on this never-ending controversy about what are variously known as blood sports, field sports or cruel sports—namely, fox hunting and stag hunting, shooting and, by stretching an easily inflamed imagination, fishing. (I should remind you that hunting in England means chasing with hounds. Shooting is shooting.) By midwinter,



when fox and stag hunters are galloping over the countryside and shooters go after pheasant and grouse, emotionally charged accounts of bleeding animals and bloodthirsty hunters become a staple of the English press. As an example of how the newspapers across the positions of the allegedly cold-blooded British whenever animals are involved,

let me recount the front-page battle not so long ago of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds vs. the League Against Cruel Sports.

The first round took place on the morning of the opening day of the season, when officers of the league and a number of eager zealots carrying spray guns full of anisod solution went over

the grounds where the hunt was to gather. The leaguers sprayed the terrain liberally until all the landscape reeked. Then they prudently withdrew.

But when the master arrived on the scene he sniffed the air knowingly and announced scornfully that no amount of anisod would damage the day's sport. He was right. The hounds did put up a stag but, after chasing the animal for three hours, lost it. "Happens all the time," the master was quoted in the papers. "We saved that stag," claimed the league secretary, "and we will carry on."

Their next quarry was the Quantock Staghounds in Somerset. In spite of the league's assiduous spraying of bush, tree, ground and fence, one stag was tracked and shot. But defeat became a propaganda victory. In accordance with tradition, those who were in on a kill for the first time were "blooded"—an ancient ceremony by which the master dips his finger in the stag's blood and smears a little of it over the initiate's face. This in itself

would have furnished ammunition for the league, which has persistently inveighed against the practice of bleeding, but on this day the league's luck was even better than that. One of the men blooded was Jimmy Edwards, a popular English stage and television comedian. As a mark of esteem, the master presented Edwards with the stag's kidneys

continued

when the venison was distributed, as it often is after a kill. Edwards put them in a polyethylene bag, took them back to his hotel and ate them at tea time, grilled on toast. The resulting uproar staggered him and everybody else.

"Disgusting rite," shouted the league in print. "Bleeding, of all things!" The papers called the kidney feast an "org." Poor Jimmy Edwards was pictured as an ogre champing away at the roeking insides of his prey. In vain did he argue in subsequent editions that the stag was, after all, dead when he ate the kidneys. He pointed out that the angler eats his fish and the duck hunter his ducks. It was no use. Despite all logic, the league had scored a smashing newspaper victory.

Later the South Oxford Hunt had its uncomfortable moment in the limelight under circumstances which stimulated my curiosity about this business of blood sports to the point of resolution. Opening the morning paper I read that "a fox cornered by the hounds . . . yesterday

that the fox did not come into the house; that no hound came into the house; in fact, no animal at all came into the house. There was a small scuffle in her garden over which, since she has nothing against hunting, she made no protest.

I realized that unless I were to enlarge my acquaintance with both the sporting public and the hostile organizations that were doing such an effective job of getting the editor's ear, I would never fully understand my English friends. One morning, therefore, I went into London to interview the secretary of the League Against Cruel Sports. My choice of this organization was governed by the fact that I saw its name often in print, but it is not by any means the only one of its kind. I could have gone to the National Association for the Abolition of Cruel Sports.

The secretary of the league, a small man in a pamphlet-filled office, was more than ready to talk. He was alone when I arrived, and I felt that he didn't like being alone, that he was happiest when he could give forth with his sentiments. He was so full of chronic indigna-

of the RSPCA—the giant Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—because I naturally thought he was fond of it.

"Those people?" he said, his voice rising. "Don't you know what they've done? They've condoned fox hunting!"

I really was startled. I said, "Why I would have thought—"

"Of course you would have thought," said the secretary. "Anyone would have. But no, they've come out with a statement explaining their position, based on the Report of the Committee on Cruelty to Wild Animals. You know that report, of course. No? I advise you to read it as soon as possible, just to see what we're up against. The most inconsistent piece of special pleading. . . . It is full of holes, full of holes. In the meantime, this is what we, the league, stand for."

He pulled a printed sheet out of one of the cubbyholes and handed it to me. I read that the league believed it iniquitous to inflict suffering upon animals for the purposes of sport; that it condemned deer hunting, otter hunting, hare hunting, fox hunting; also rabbit and hare coursing; also badger digging. It demanded the cessation of bleeding.

While I read this through, the secretary collected a number of pamphlets for me. They piled up in my lap, and I looked them over as well as I could at first glance. One thing stood out noticeably. Though there were occasional swipes at fox hunting, otter hunting and the other sports whose names I was learning to rattle off with facility, the chief topic of the league's literature was undoubtedly stag hunting.

I left, trying to figure it out. I knew about a lot of fox hunts, but even when I lived in the Southwest I never saw a stag hunt. The figures bear me out: against the six packs of staghounds now maintained in England, there are more than 150 packs of foxhounds. Why, then, was the league making such a fuss championing deer rather than foxes? Because the public likes deer, they feel sentimental about the pretty creatures. Comparatively few people chase stags, and their voices do not ring loud in the House of Commons. Thus, the abolitionists figure, if they should bring in a bill against stag hunting it would stand



took the only way of escape left—head first through a two-foot square of glass in the French window of a house. Seven hounds went after it and killed it (according to one report) at the foot of a present-laden Christmas tree." British papers made much of this bloody violation of the Christmas spirit. Yet I knew that it never had happened. The lady in whose house the incident was supposed to have taken place is an acquaintance of mine, and she immediately protested

that he seemed somehow pneumatic, and now and then gave a little bounce in his seat, like a balloon tugging at its moorings. Yet he was not a fat man, and certainly not a jolly-looking one. As a matter of fact, I reflected, he didn't look like an animal lover at all. I couldn't imagine him holding a cat on his knee or taking a puppy for a walk. Instead, he looked like—well, like the secretary of a London society.

I started the interview with a mention

a fair chance of passing into law. Once the law was firmly fixed, it would be only a matter of time and logic—slow but inexorable—before fox hunting, too, could be abolished. The abolitionists' stand seemed clear enough to me—until I opened my paper the next morning.

Reported in detail with considerable glee was a row between a local branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and a Sussex hunt. "Lord Rupert Nevill," said the *London Times*, "of Uckfield, Sussex, announced his resignation as president of the [East Grinstead and Uckfield] branch. . . . Lord Rupert, a member of the neighbouring Bridge Hunt, of which his sister-in-law, Lady Aberghaveny, is joint master, did not attend [the meeting]. He said yesterday: 'I did not support the decision.'"

What happened at that meeting that so disturbed Lord Rupert? The RSPCA local had offered to kill foxes for the farmers and kindowners "by gassing and shooting" because the pest control officer of the district had declared that the hunt wasn't getting rid of these vermin fast enough. And what did the national council of the RSPCA have to say about this fracas? They rebuked the local branch and directed them "not to implement their offer." My head swimming with these contradictions, I made my way to the national headquarters of the RSPCA in Jermyn Street.

An official, presumably of high rank, received me. "You are, of course, opposed to blood sports?" I asked. The official hesitated, and an expression of surprised embarrassment crossed his face. "Actually," he said, "it is not that simple. People are apt to get the wrong idea about the society and hunting. We are, of course, committed to oppose cruelty of any sort, but there is a difference of opinion as to just what constitutes cruelty. On this, I regret to say, the League Against Cruel Sports and our society are not at one. In many ways,

you know, these hunting people have a genuine feeling for the country and for animals.

"In other words," he went on, "fox hunting might as well continue for the present. Shooting seems even crueler. Foxes are easy to wound, but very hard to kill."



"Gaming?" I asked.

"Crueler than shooting. I am told. One might get the venar and leave the cuts to starve. As for traps, they are worst of all. But fox hunting—well, as I said, though we oppose staghunting and other hunting and hare coursing, we do not include fox hunting in our condemnation. I—really, it is all rather difficult. You have read the Report of the Government Committee on Cruelty to Wild Animals? Well, we stand by that."

The next morning I went to Her Majesty's Stationery Office to buy this famous White Paper. It explained a whole lot of things that, unexplained, might drive foreigners living in England into acute Anglophobia. This is how it came to be written:

In 1949, in the middle of the Labor

era that followed World War II, the anti-blood-sports brigade had a really good try at abolishing hunting. It pinned its hopes on a bill that would outlaw the less controversial sports—hunting of deer and badgers and coursing of hares and rabbits. This bill was debated under the gaze of a rather special audience in the visitors' gallery. Anti-blood-sporters were there in full force, but so were the fox hunters, many in their full regalia of bright coats.

The bill was soundly defeated by 234 votes to 101, but the defeated abolitionists decided on another course. They moved that the government set up a Committee of Inquiry into the whole fretful question of cruelty to wild animals. They reminded themselves that, after all, it was a Labor Government, no matter how the voting had gone on the bill. Any committee chosen by Labor would surely see that hunting to hounds was a clear symbol of everything working men were supposed to hate—privilege, conspicuous waste, meaningless tradition, snobbery. But this theory proved to be an oversimplification. In England, I have learned, practically everything you can say about sports turns out to be oversimplification.

For nearly two years the committee studied the subject, interviewed experts and anyone else who wanted to come forward, attended meetings, consulted agriculturalists—it couldn't have been more conscientious. At last, in 1951, it published its exhaustive report, which concluded that fox hunting, staghunting and even hare coursing were desirable for a number of good reasons, not the least of which was the ever-increasing number of people who participate. "All forms of field sports are supported by more classes of the community than was the case before 1939," the report read. In short, the traditional complaint that hunting to hounds is a rich man's sport was no longer justified.

Of fox hunting in particular, the report said: "It is a necessary method of

continued

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HUNTER *continued*

control, and its abolition undoubtedly would lead to an increase in the use of more cruel methods, and so far as we can judge, would be resented by the majority of the rural population. . . . Hunting now derives its main support from farmers, who look to it to provide their principal means of . . . relaxation."

But if more and more people go after animals for sport, why then the seemingly never-ending concern for their welfare? The report shed some light on that question, too. "The increase in public concern about animals," said the authors, "has been due to some extent to a growing feeling that all forms of suffering should be reduced as much as possible, but we think it is also due to growing unfamiliarity of men with animals. . . . There has been a marked tendency in recent years for public concern about animals to be based more on sentiment than on real understanding of the problem. . . . Many people talk and act as though the way of life and feelings of animals are more akin to those of human beings than is actually the case. Until about 1850 few books were published which had animals as their central characters, but since then, and especially since the end of the 1914-18 war, such books have been published in ever-increasing numbers."

As an example of the public's illogical concern for animals, the committee reported that hundreds of people appeared before it to defend the rabbit, but no one spoke up for the rat, even though rabbits are as much of a nuisance as rats, which are exterminated with great efficiency. Rabbits, explains the committee, are of sentimental interest to the public. The rat is not.

I can well believe it. During an extended argument that raged in the letters columns of the *Times* concerning the destructiveness of rabbits, one lady wrote that she personally would never begrudge the occasional mouthful of wheat or blade of grass, as long as she could see bunnies dancing in a ring on her lawn. Beatrice Potter, the author of *Peter Rabbit*, has a lot to answer for. Were it not for that staple of the English nursery, Peter Rabbit in his little blue coat, would the Brit-

ish be quite so easily moved by the plight of wild animals? I doubt it—and so does the *London Times*. The same people who some time ago feared that shooting game birds would brutalize young Prince Charles wrote to the Queen and protested her action in permitting her son to ride his pony to fox-hunt meets in the palace neighborhood. *The Times* thought this was going too far.

"The Puritan tradition in British life," it editorialized sternly, "has so many splendid aspects that its undesirable by-products stand out in sad contrast. The most dismal of these is the conviction of righteousness that is bred in some sincere believers in this or that cause. . . . Among the worst offenders in this respect are the opponents of fox hunting and other field sports."

The great English historian, Macaulay, I recalled, was even sharper. "The Puritan bore bear-baiting," he wrote, "not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

But that is not the whole story. The opponents of blood sports say that it is a matter of principle, but what principle? Are they so sure that it is wrong to take life that they are vegetarians? No, not many of them are vegetarians. Are they class-conscious enough to resent the horse as a symbol of privilege? Some do, but not all. Do they really have any notion what hunting is all about? Some do, but others do not, and it is these others who irritate the field sports men most. Let us see what the hunters have to say for their side.

An invitation to spend a few days in the heart of England's fox hunting country gave me the chance to start my field work. The first thing I learned was that fox hunters bitterly resent being shown up in the papers at a gang of rudies.

"It doesn't even have to be anything to do with the hunt itself," a hunter told me. "It's amazing how quick the press is to nose out things. I'll tell you what happened to us a few months ago. Our hawtman was bringing the pack along a village road bordered on one side by a high stone wall, and a cat jumped down from that wall, into the middle of the hounds. Naturally, it did not jump back. . . . Well, it couldn't be helped; nobody could have prevented it. I didn't understand what had possessed the animal to

do such a thing, but I didn't waste time speculating; I set to work to find out who owned the cat and rang him up. When I said him, he said, 'Good God, I do wish it hadn't happened; that cat was a birthday present to my wife, many years ago. It was very old and totally blind. Well, well, I'm sure it couldn't be helped in the circumstances.'

"Of course, I went on apologizing, but he was very nice and reasonable about it, and insisted, without my mentioning it, that it was the cat's fault entirely. When I rang off I felt quite relieved.

"That night after I'd got home, he rang me back. He said, 'Look here, I think you ought to know that the press has got onto that story about my wife's cat. Reporters have been after me since 3 o'clock, trying to get a statement. I'm not giving one. But I thought you should know. I simply can't imagine who put them onto it: I haven't said a word.' It's my opinion that there's someone living in practically every village in hunting country on the lookout for stories they can sell the press. They know they'll be well paid by abolitionists. These people are very well organized, make no mistake about it."

But no sooner had I decided that the hunters knew what they were doing and that the abolitionists were really too much with their inconsistency and special pleading, when I found myself talking to hunters who were just as muddled.

"We had a lovely run yesterday," said my young fox-hunting neighbor, an ardent member of the local pony club. "The weather was fine, and you never saw such a big field. We found twice, but one got away." Suddenly her face fell. "Were you watching the television last Friday? They had a woman telling all about stag hunting. It's just terrible. I hate it. I didn't realize how cruel it is until I heard her. She told about a stag she saw caught in midstream with the hounds on either bank. It had to stand there; it couldn't get away. Well, I mean to say, that's not right. Any animal ought to have a fair chance. I don't care who hears me say so."

I made it a point to seek out a number of masters of freshwaters. Although they proved to know much more about the

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100% 12' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 10' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 8' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 6' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 4' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 2' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/2' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/4' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/8' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/16' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/32' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/64' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/128' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/256' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/512' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/1024' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/2048' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/4096' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/8192' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/16384' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/32768' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/65536' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/131072' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/262144' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/524288' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/1048576' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/2097152' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/4194304' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/8388608' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/16777216' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/33554432' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/67108864' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/134217728' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/268435456' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/536870912' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/1073741824' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/2147483648' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 1/4294967296' 4" 4000 YD. 100% 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subject than their detractors, they too held an emotional point of view which often dulled their logic. But one cold November morning I found myself talking to a master who seemed both articulate and consistent in arguing the case for field sports.

"Cruelty?" he asked when I mentioned the abolitionists to him. "Why, it all depends on what you call cruel. I am not saying that I hunt foxes to be kind to them. I'm just pointing out that it isn't as cruel as some people make out. The fox, in all likelihood, doesn't suffer the mental tortures ascribed to him. I have seen a fox that was hard-pressed for inside at a duck pond and make a kill. Many people think that a wild animal which is not hunted lives into a peaceful old age. Any country man can tell you that's not so. Most animals die painfully, ravaged by predators and diseases."

Abolitionists make a great point of the bloodthirsty glee of hunters who

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers but not Emily Helen as the author of *Bitten's Golden Pool* (SL, Nov. 30, '99). Born in St. Louis, she trained as a mining engineer, taught geology at Haver College, won fame as a writer in China (The Secret Sisters, Close To Me) and Hong Kong. She is married to Major Charles Boxer. Beroson writing aims she observes British ways from the Boxer home in the fox hunting county of Hertford, England.

have cornered a fox or, as the hunting vernacular goes, "marked him to the ground." "Actually, very few people are usually in on the kill," said the master. "It doesn't matter to them. It isn't the main point of hunting, by any means, though it is important to get the fox. For me, as for most others, there's nothing like the pleasure of riding, of watching good hounds at work, of outwitting a beast that has many advan-

tages over its chasers—intelligence, experience, speed, everything but stamina. Sometimes I'm asked if I'm not embarrassed by the foolishness of it," he continued, "the dressing up and pageantry and so on. Well, I'm not. Most English are fond of tradition, of things with a history to them. It's an old activity, the sport of the chase, as old as man himself, and I love every part of it. And there's the social aspect of it. Living in remote country in the winter can be rather lonely, and many of us see each other only at the meets."

I congratulated him on the presentation of his case. I said—and it was true—that he had been more intelligent and objective than anyone else I had interviewed, for or against hunting. "There's just one more question," I said. "Is your estimation does all this apply equally to the other chief two among what the abolitionists call blood sports? I refer to stag hunting and other hunting."

He shook his head. "I don't hunt stags or otters," he said. "I think it's cruel." **END**



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*Billy Casper is a member of the famed Wilson Advisory Staff.

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YESTERDAY

The Bare-knuckle Legacy of Boxing

The early years of the prize ring
were filled with mayhem,
skulduggery and brutal fights

by MITCHELL RAWSON

On April 17, 1860 American Heavyweight Champion John C. Heenan met British Champion Tom Sayers in a title fight outside London. It was the first time that an international match was held between American and British champions. As such, it was the beginning of an era; but it was also the end of one. The Heenan-Sayers fight was stopped by an unruly mob and the police—an anti-climactic finish to the great days of bare-knuckle fighting.

It was not surprising, though, that the first international championship should have been interfered with by a mob and the police. The history of bare-knuckle fighting was a constant

skirmish with forces on both sides of the law.

Bare-knuckle boxing, as a modern sport, began when James Figg opened an amphitheater in the Tottenham Court Road, London, in 1719. Fighting—with backwoods, cudgels or fists—was the entertainment at Figg's place. Figg himself was a complete fighting man who engaged all comers. Boxing became the most popular activity, and he assembled professional brawlers to fight him and each other. So far as the records show, he was never defeated; though, to be practical about it, this may have been because he was the boss.

Figg, wittingly or unwittingly, launched the first of boxing's golden eras. Figg was a celebrated character in London. Poets praised him; James Beattie, for instance, in his satire *The Man of Taste*, included him among the pleasurable diversions of the day: "Is Figg, the prize fighter,



YANKEE DOODLE ON HIS MUSCLE. —

ON THE MAP

HEENAN-SAYERS FIGHT DREW CAUSTIC COMMENTS FROM AN AMERICAN CARTOONIST

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Bare-knuckle Legacy continued

by day delight/And sup with Colley
Cibber every night."

This public fighting for money
went on prosperously after Figg's
death in 1784. His successor at the
amphitheater was George Taylor,
one of the fighting troupe, but Tay-
lor's position as head man did not
prevent another boxer named Jack
Broughton from giving him a whip-
ping. Not long after, Broughton
opened his own amphitheater and
took the best business away from
the old shop.

Broughton well deserves his title,
Father of the English School of Pa-
gilion. He drew up the first definite
code of rules for the growing sport,
and they were the final authority for
almost 100 years. It was he who in-
troduced boxing gloves, or muffers,
as they were called, in the interest of
the noblemen and gentlemen who
were his patrons and pupils. The new
invention caught on at once for spar-
ing, but the serious business of fight-
ing in the ring continued to be a bare-
knuckle matter until the day, far in
the future, of John L. Sullivan.

A bare-knuckle round according to
Broughton's rules lasted until a man
went down, and he could be thrown
as well as knocked down, provided
he was held above the middle. Half a
minute was allowed between rounds,
which could last anywhere from a few
seconds to as much as half an hour.

Broughton's tenure as champion
was a good time for boxing. In 1769,
however, he made the mistake of
fighting a grudge fight with a younger
man named Jack Slack. The men met
at Broughton's Amphitheatre, with
the odds 10 to 1 on the champion.
One of Broughton's patrons was the
Duke of Cumberland, who was so en-
thusiastic he bet £10,000 on Broughton.
The fight lasted only 14 minutes.
A blow between the eyes blinded
Broughton, and Slack had only to
continue hitting him until he was
unable to rise again.

The Duke of Cumberland was
quite upset by the loss of his £10,000.
At first he told everyone that he had
been "sold," though later on he for-
gave Broughton and pensioned him.
But it is said that to the end of his
days "he could never speak of this
contest with any degree of temper."
He went to Parliament, where he was
very influential, and had legislation

passed that closed Broughton's Am-
phitheatre. The first big slump in
boxing history followed.

As for Broughton, he never again
ruined his fists for money, except to
instruct the young and hopeful with
the muffers. He is buried in West-
minster Abbey, the only boxer to be
so honored.

Friendly Judges

The ring reeled after his defeat,
and went on reeling and staggering
for three decades. For a time there
could be no fights in London, even
illegally. In the provinces there were
magistrates who would wink a friend-
ly eye if a match was arranged, or
who could be outwitted. Under these
circumstances, Slack held the cham-
pionship during 10 long and unevent-
ful years. The quality of his challeng-
ers was deplorable, and he fought
only three times. He made most of
his living running a butcher shop.

But after 14 years, the Duke of
Cumberland, who must have missed
his favorite sport in spite of the money
it had cost him, decided to back
Champion Slack against an oppo-
nent named Bill Stevens the Nailer.
He put up only 100 guineas, but it
shows that his heart was still in the
game. Furthermore, he arranged for
the bout to be held in London, with
no interference by the law. Slack lost
the championship, and the Duke lost
his 100 guineas and any further in-
terest in boxing as well.

Stripped of his title, Jack Slack
sought to recoup in a different way.
He found a beginner named George
Meggs, trained him and backed him
against the Nailer for the champion-
ship. He also took the precaution of
paying the Nailer to lose. The Nailer
did just that, but not very convinc-
ingly. As he explained it later to a
friend, "Why, Lord bless you, I got
50 guineas more than I'd otherwise
have done by letting Georgie beat
me; and damn, ain't I the same
man still?"

But he never got another chance
to prove how good a man he was. He
and Slack both fell into disrepute.
It was a woe-filled time for boxing. By
1779 there was no championship ex-
cept a shadowy title that passed from
one fighter to another, sometimes
honestly, sometimes otherwise.

In 1771 a stage or platform was
set up on Epsom Downs during the
racing season. Bill Darts, a claimant

of the badly battered championship, was to defend his precious honors against an Irishman named Peter Corcoran. The backer of Corcoran was Captain Dennis O'Kelly, the owner of the famous race horse Eclipse, progenitor of many of the Thoroughbreds running on American tracks today.

The captain, wanting Corcoran to win, made sure of it by presenting 100 guineas to the champion in advance. BH Darts may have been a passably good fighter when he tried, but he was not a good actor. A contemporary report said: "After a little sparring Corcoran gave Darts a blow on the side of the head which drove him against the rail of the stage, when he immediately gave in."

There was quite a scandal, and in the old record books the so-called fight is marked with a flaming "X," and the simple words "Captain O'Kelly's Money."

That was the way it went until 1789, when there was a big and sudden change. New fighters of top quality appeared, and there was a new generation of noblemen and gentlemen who were just as interested in boxing as their fathers and grandfathers had been in Broughton's reign.

Tom Johnson was the first champion under the new order. One of the last of the disreputable titleholders, Harry Sellers (who had beaten Captain O'Kelly's egregious Peter Corcoran), is said to have died of grief because no patron would put up stakes for him against Johnson. He simply didn't rate with Johnson or Ben Brann, or with Dan McDonn, the brilliant boxer who was the first Jewish ring champion, or with Gentleman John Jackson.

The following half century gave the prize ring as palmy days as it has ever known. The society and sporting men who put up the prize money were a sort of boxing commission, watching over the welfare of the game with stern and disinterested eyes. These Regency rakes—"Corinthians," as they were called—were loose enough in their own lives as a rule, but they wanted honest fighting for their money, and for the most part they got it. And for 20 years Gentleman John Jackson played a memorable role in establishing and maintaining this robust state of health.

It was Jackson who was instrumental in the forming of the Pugilistic

continued

How well do you know your geography of Italian wines?

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THE MANLY ART IS TAUGHT BY JOHN JACKSON (RIGHT) IN HIS LARGE PRIVATE STUDIO

Bare-knuckle Legacy

Club in 1814, which watched over the signing of articles, the choice of judges and referees, the settling of disputes and payment of stakes. The ropes and posts owned by the Pugilistic Club were the official ropes and posts of the London Prize Ring; fighters who were found unworthy of confidence were simply forbidden to appear within those sacred barriers.

Mr. Jackson, as he was always called, supervised the formation of the ring at important fights. He collected money for the loser if the latter had made a good showing and he was the final arbiter, for he spoke for the Pugilistic Club. He knew the right people; it was Lord Byron who saluted him as "my friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., who I trust still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humor, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments."

The Belcher brothers, Sam and Tom, were among the foremost boxers whose careers spanned the ascendancy of Mr. Jackson and the Pugilistic Club. Others on the list were Sam Pearce, the heroic Game Chicken; John Gully, who became a member of Parliament and an owner of race horses and coal mines; Tom Cribb, who was perhaps the most famous of all English champions; Tom Spring, Tom Hickman the Gas Man and Bill Neat, who was immortalized by William Hazlitt in his essay *The Fight*.

The palmy days showed the first

sign of wiling in 1822, when there was a quarrel over stakes that had been put up for a fight and Mr. Jackson declared that he would never again be a stakeholder. When he bowed out, the influence of the Pugilistic Club also declined, and unpleasant incidents became common.

In the year of Jackson's death at 77 (1845), a riot occurred at a fight between Champion William (Besdigo) Thompson and Challenger Ben Caunt. Hoodlums broke through the ropes, some of them carrying bludgeons. The referee, Squire George Osbaldeston, barely got away with his life. He swore never to referee a fight again, and others followed suit.

Undisciplined Yankees

The old London Prize Ring had its last great day when Heenan challenged Sayers for the world title in 1860. The American ring never had a Broughton or Jackson to guide and discipline its early years, and its early champions—Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrissey—won their glory on a social level that made the game in England look primitive. American fights were hole-and-corner gatherings where pistol toting prevailed and rules were broken cheerfully if the mob on one side was able to out-bluff or intimidate the mob on the other. From this rough-and-tumble New World development of the old sport, Heenan crossed the Atlantic to repeat the victories of the Revolution and 1812, if he could.

The fight was a good one, for a little more than two hours. Then it

collapsed in violence and disorder. A mob invaded the ring, closely followed by the police, and the referee, unable to see what was going on, called a halt. The great international match was over. Nobody will ever know who would have won if the fight had been fought to a finish.

Tracy wrote a parody of Macaulay's *Lane of Ancient Rome* about the fight, calling it *The Combat of Sayers and Heenan*, which was published in *Punch* (his reference to "Blues" is to the intruding police).

Fate would I shroud the tale in night—

The swelling waves did thrall
its light—

The ring-keepers' sternness;
The broken ropes—'ere' curtain-
lured fight—

Heenan's sudden blotted light,
Sayers passing, as he might,
Just when ten minutes, word
aright,

Had made the day his own!

After the Heenan-Sayers scrimmage the English bare-knuckle ring began its final slump. Complete demoralization seems to have set in. Fake followed fake. Only one really great fighter appeared; the well-remembered Jim Mace, whose baffling career ran the gamut from the most brilliant boxing of his time to the most bare-faced barnays. He brought the shreds of the championship to America in 1870, fought Tom Allen (another Englishman), and beat him.

The ring, by now, was becoming a worldwide affair. Its center had moved to the U.S., where it has remained ever since. But not until Paddy Ryan was beaten by John L. Sullivan in 1882 did the general American public begin to think of prizefighting as anything but a degraded phase of ruffianism. By then, however, bare-knuckle fighting had only a few more years of life.

The 118-year history of the bare-knuckle ring ended when the first heavyweight championship with gloves was held in 1892. Jim Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan and became the first world heavyweight champion under the new Marquess of Queensberry rules. Sullivan remained the bare-knuckle titleholder, but it was a hollow championship. There was never to be another bare-knuckle fight.

END

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Basketball's Week

by NERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

For two years, even three Indiana thrashed his first Ohio State team 122-82, OSU's young Coach Fred Taylor has been nursing the wound. Last week the pain disappeared when his Big Ten leaders humiliated the helpless Hoosiers 100-65. The cat-wrangling Barkers, appearing as grimly and as efficiently as a team of hitmen, expertly plied spare Indiana with ancient and left ball handling. And the most expert of them all was dead-end Jerry Lane, who plunked in 34 points on a stunning assortment of hooks, layups and lay-ups. Big Luke's touch was even better against Michigan State, and he scored 48 on Ohio State won 83-68. But the bruised Hoosiers were still hurting. Their more beaten by Iowa, a team which had lost four of its five regulars through ineptitude, 74-67.

Kansas and Kansas State were all tied up in the Big Eight. The Jayhawks pointed on Colorado 66-55 and survived Nebraska's tortoise-like pace to win 38-33, while K-State squeaked by Iowa State 65-63 on Al Pettitman's late basket. Bradley lost its third straight, to Duke 76-74, and gave up the Missouri Valley lead to streaking Cincinnati when the Bearcats beat St. Louis 61-52. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (24-1)
2. KANSAS (21-1)
3. KANSAS STATE (20-1)

THE SOUTH

Even a grumbling man would have hesitated to take 108-to-1 odds on it happening, but it did. First, North Carolina State upset Duke 81-78 on Junior van Terry Litchfield's jumper with two seconds to play. Then, last-play South Carolina surprised North Carolina 59-62. Meanwhile, Mike Wake Forest fell into the Atlantic Coast lead. But the Deacons' stay was brief. Duke shot a withering 70% in first half, Johnny Faye and Art Heyman poured in 28 points, and the Blue Devils tumbled Wake Forest 100-58. Two days later North Carolina's Doug Moe held Len Chappell to one field goal in the last 29 minutes, and the Tar Heels rode York Larose's 30 points and Moe's 25 to a 83-78 victory over the Deacons.

Mississippi State beat Tulane 73-59 and Tennessee 72-67 to hold the SEC lead. West Virginia seems to have gone again to beat Richmond 53-40 and clinch the Southern Conference title. Eastern

Kentucky beat Louisville 80-74 for the Missouri's 31st straight at Richmond, Ky. The top three:

1. DUKE (20-1)
2. NORTH CAROLINA (21-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (20-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

For the first time, the Southwest Conference had a clear-cut favorite. Providence Texas Tech (15-1) breeched Phoenix. More hardly more than a gleam in Coach Polk Robinson's eye, was suddenly two games ahead of the field. But the punky Red Raiders had to rally brilliantly to get there. Trailing Arkansas by 14 points with 12 minutes to go, they recalled the Razorbacks with a nuclear zone defense while big Harold Hodge took over the boards and the scoring, and finally won 72-66. SMU's Mustangs were just as army, but only until Hodge and little Del Ray Monte scattered them with precise shooting. Then it was easy, and Tech went on to an 83-67 victory. Meanwhile, Texas and Texas A&M tumbled. The Longhorns lost to SMU 78-63, and the Aggies were upset by TCU 64-66.

Houston, with an NCAA bid safely tucked away, overpowered New Texas State 86-53 and Oklahoma City 107-78. Border leader Arizona State outlasted Hardin-Simmons 97-76 for its sixth straight, while New Mexico State beat Texas Western 107-79. The top three:

1. HOUSTON (20-1)
2. TEXAS TECH (20-1)
3. ARKANSAS (20-1)

THE EAST

Two more teams discovered that trying to beat St. Bonaventure is a lot like trying to beat an owl. The silver Bombers just won't hold still. Tennessee State, the nation's No. 1 small-college team, ran with them for a while, but Tom Stick and Fred Crawford scored 49 points between them, and St. Bonaventure was 184-87 for its 88th straight at Olean. Boston College was even less fortunate and lost 108-89.

St. John's, shooting more accurately and defending more tenaciously than usual, beat Loyola 85-74 and Syracuse 86-80. St. Joseph's routed pilot LaSalle 65-54, Elizabethtown 56-55 and Lafayette 81-77. But Providence, caught looking ahead to a game with St. Bonaventure, was brought up short by St. Rhode Island 78-74. And Rhode got as

added bonus the Yankee Conference lead—when Connecticut beat Maine 73-68. Yale upset Ivy leader Princeton 72-69; West Virginia's rattling zone press killed off NCU 73-60; Memphis State defeated Villanova 78-74. The top three:

1. ST. BONAVENTURE (20-1)
2. ST. JOHN'S (20-1)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-1)

THE WEST

Stanford's Howie Dallmar, one of the dedicated West Coast clan that freely believes ball control is the only way to play the game, wasn't satis-so sure after he watched USC's bulky John Rudometkin score 22 points to lead the Trojans past his Indians 61-57. Next night, Dallmar switched to a less-wheeling attack built around Center John Windsor (who scored 38 points), and Stanford upset unassuming UCLA 78-66 to make USC a step nearer the Big Five title.

Loyola, too, was getting closer to home in the West Coast A.C. The Lions beat Santa Clara 65-60 as Ed Bente cracked the Bronco score for 27 points, then burst past San Jose State 55-46. In the Skyline, Utah defeated Michigan 78-55 to keep Colorado State U. which beat Denver 52-45 and New Mexico 69-61, at arm's length. But Utah State provided part of the excitement. Stirred up by Coach Cec Baker's resignation bid to the end of the season, the Aggies whupped Brigham Young 94-73. The top three:

1. USC (20-1)
2. STAN (20-0)
3. UOLA (20-0)



BACKBOARD FUP by St. Mary's Tom Mackery catches San Francisco's Bob Guillard by surprise, but USF won 53-51.

THE READERS TAKE OVER

old-a-twirl and it was invented by Maurice Goh of St. Moritz, Switzerland.

C. I. BAUM

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

You might be interested in the expression used hereabouts in reference to the boys' and girls who are wearing Rogaines—they are "stretch-panting."

BOB KIDDER

Denver

UNAPPEARED

Sirs:

Your excerpt of my letter is possible exploitation of Two-miler Bruce Kidd (1928 HALL, Feb. 6) contains intended and unjustified aspersions on Boston University's handling of High Jumper John Thomas. Exploitation of athletes is one of the greatest blots on the record of many colleges, but I certainly would not include Boston University in this category.

BAILEY F. MASON

Boston

TRANSPLANTE

Sirs:

Here in Toronto we have been led to believe that Punch Imbach already has the best goals, etc., Johnny Bower (*Officer's Newsletter* in Montreal, Feb. 6). Check the mid-season all-star team.

JOHN DELAN

Toronto

Sirs:

Anybody's granddaddy can tend goal with a great defense like Montreal's. A goalie with a weak defense, who consistently turns in brilliant performances (Gump Worsley, to be exact), is the best in my book.

DAVID WEISBERG

New York City

Sirs:

What about Chicago's Glenn Hall? He is by far the most durable, if not the greatest, goalie, bar none.

TOM BARNETT

Chicago

Sirs:

Plante is not, was not and never will be the best goalie in the NHL.

BRUCE FORBES

Winnipeg

FOR THE DEFENSE

Sirs:

My congratulations to Writer Ray Carve on an excellent and timely article (*A Long-ignored Art Is Now Flourishing Again*, Feb. 6). In this time of speed-up, offense-minded attacks which tend to emphasize the ordinary—running, shooting, etc.—and detract from the imaginative, it is refreshing to see evidence of new outlook and pace in basketball.

MIKE VERMONTI

Sacramento

Sirs:

The best defensive team east of the Rockies is St. Louis University.

BOYD MACDONALD

St. Louis



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JOHN FLAUNTYEN February 25, 1957 71



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PAT ON THE BACK



GIFFORD AND FLETCH COCHRAN

A ball club out back

When the spring thaw melts the snows in Lamoine, Maine some weeks hence, Gifford Cochran and his wife Fletch will be out on the diamond as usual with the ball club they "adopted" some years ago. Giff is a painter, his wife is an ex-actress and both are ardent baseball fans. Seeking a substitute for the big leagues when they moved from Manhattan to Maine, they found themselves watching the Lamoine A.C.—an enthusiastic collection of local ballplaying mechanics, farmers, storekeepers and telephone linemen who played in the Waldo-Hannock League.

"We saw they needed all kinds of

things," said Fletch. "Their uniforms were tattered. There was a hill in their right field. They had no money. We wanted to help, but you know how it is down East. You can't push yourself in too fast." At first the Cochrans contented themselves with rooting at every game. Then they donated a few new balls. Then some uniforms. Last year they felt secure enough to build a new diamond for the team on the 60 acres of land behind their house. The Lamoine A.C. promptly moved in and elected Giff Cochran their manager. "This spring," says his proud wife Fletch, "we're going to put in bleachers."

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